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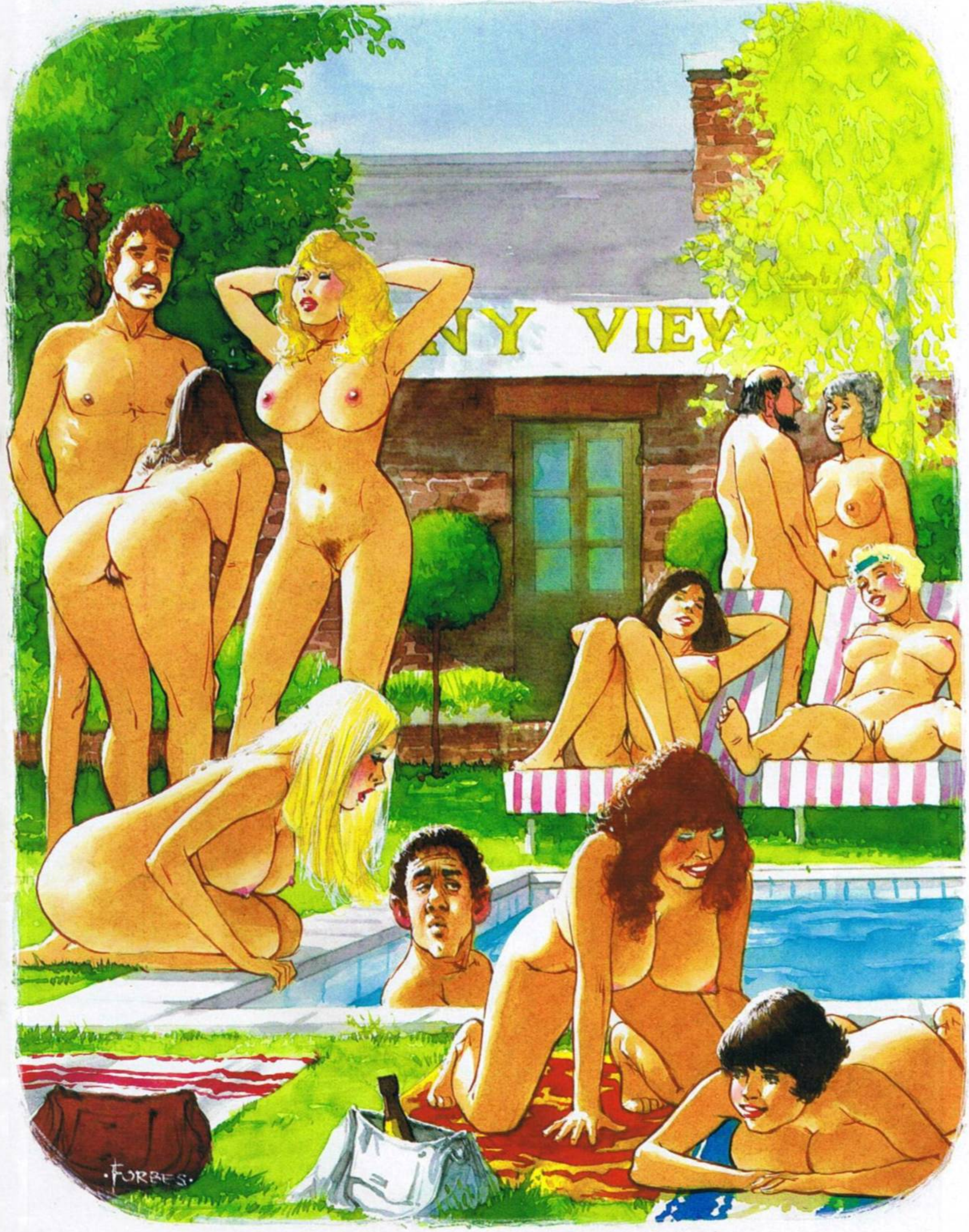
NY VIEV
FORBES

'Robert, lots of first-time visitors get excited, but you can't stay in the pool all day!'

LETTERS

I read with interest the article *I'll Never Forget the Embarrassing Day I Bought My First Packet of Three* in Vol 21 No 5. One sentence in particular caught my eye. It said, '. . . It wasn't as if they could be used for more than one thing . . .' But it has often been said that truth is stranger than fiction, and so here is a true story.

During the Second World War, I was in the RAF, when at a small camp, a fair-sized package arrived. It was addressed to the Warrant Officer of the camp, and when opened, it was found to contain several hundred condoms. The Warrant Officer, being a former RNAS man in World War One, assumed that these were for the troops, and dished them out on Saturday to those leaving camp for the afternoon and evening (three to a man). The next week he was on leave, and his orderly gave still more away wholesale.

Soon, around three quarters of the contraceptives had gone. It was then the War Office found out that they had made a mistake. The package had been intended for a REME Subconductor, W02, living at the camp who was responsible for a local store of AA shells. The rubbers were apparently a substitute for waterproof covers for the fuses of the shells. So you see they *can* be used for something else.

RA, Norfolk

I certainly want to commend your efforts leading to the increasing popularity of *Mayfair* in the Midwestern United States. Within the past year the availability of the magazine in this section of the US has more than doubled, and I look forward to every issue. The features and cartoons are superbly reproduced, and the fact that *Mayfair* is British makes all the difference. Many American magazines imitate one another to such an extent that it's difficult to tell them apart.

In July 1982 when I was travelling in Europe, I first picked up an issue of *Mayfair* on a news-stand in a German railway station. Although it was my first glimpse of the magazine, I knew that I'd be reading it again. The only problem would be customs. When I returned to the States, I thought the official at Chicago/O'Hare would confiscate it. It is illegal to bring in any 'questionable literature'. For a second I held my breath. The customs man saw the copy, and started drooling over the cover. I'll never forget the expression on his face as he studied it.

I'm sure I shall enjoy what you have in store. I particularly like the bum shots which seem to be a trademark of your magazine. Although *Mayfair* gets here a month late, it's worth the wait. It's a great feeling to walk into a magazine store or food mart and have no trouble finding *Mayfair.*

LR Norman, Kansas, US

I was very interested in the letter in *Mayfair* Vol 21 No 5 dealing with the subject of extra-marital sex in which the writer tells of the way he shares his wife's sexual charms with his best friend.

The arrangement he describes appears to be a successful one, and I congratulate the three people involved and wish them good luck. The writer suggests that there are other married couples of like mind, and the many letters that appear in magazines similar to (but not as good as) yours suggest that his supposition is correct.

I have to admit to being grateful to these publications and the letters from men who enjoy their wives having sex with other men if only because they prove that I'm not alone in my tastes.

You see, my wife and I have been married for 37 years and for 33 of those we have developed an arrangement whereby my lovely partner has had sexual intercourse with other gentlemen.

In the early days we realised what we practised would be considered wrong by a great many people, even ourselves to some extent, but the attraction of what we had started was very great indeed. What's more my wife and I are very close, and have a finely tuned understanding as far as our arrangement is concerned.

Of course, I did not marry her with this intention. It was a series of small accidents, flirtations, and slightly naughty incidents that put it into mind. They led to a weekend where we invited my very good friend (and best man at my wedding) to visit us at our very modest flat.

We had sat down to a meal prepared by my wife, and the wine and brandy we'd consumed was enveloping us in a very happy, relaxed atmosphere. As the evening progressed, influenced by my wife's exceptional good looks and figure, I clearly remarked that it would be a good idea if my best man slept with us that night not just in our home but in our bed. The statement was unexpected but certainly intrigued our guest.

However his reaction, at first, was the conventional one — not really realising what I'd been saying. My wife however understood me a bit better. To my great pleasure, I heard her taking up my suggestion, and quietly persuading my friend what good sense it would be, not to mention how much fun. I was very pleased to see my wife reacting in such a way.

The pressure put upon my friend by my wife and I was clearly quite considerable. Quickly but nervously he accepted our invitation. So he and I made our way to our bedroom to await my spouse's arrival. She appeared wearing a white, semi-transparent nightie, and insisted that she sleep between us.

Slowly she stepped over our new bedfellow, and sank to the mattress. As she did so, she tugged at the hem of her nightie, and pulled it off over her head. She was showing great imagination and I was well pleased. I cannot tell you who put what in where, how, why or for how long. In truth, my chum was no superstud, and rather nervous. He did improve, however, and tried to earn the title 'best man' on many, subsequent visits. It was a task he took to with eagerness, and with female coaching, he became a ready lover.

Gladly I offered my wife to him after that. And greedily, he partook of her soft, yielding body. In those days, the pill was not around, and it gave me a perverse delight to go shopping for condoms during the week.

As time passed, my dear lady's

turn to page 12

Congratulations on your Vol 21 No 5. You are maintaining your high standards, and bringing us the best models *first*.

Others I notice are claiming to do this, but not very accurately. I refer, of course, to a recent edition of *Penthouse* which claimed to be showing Linda Lusardi 'first time nude'. Then they had the nerve to publish some of the pictures that had appeared in *Mayfair* two years previously!

GT, Hull

Well spotted. Left: Linda Lusardi from our Vol 19 No 2 — two years before Penthouse. *I wonder how long it is before they latch onto the girls in this edition.*

LETTERS

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activities expanded. As well as my friend sharing our bed, she was flirting around looking for others. Over the 30-odd years, she has had a great many gentlemen of varying attraction and ability. Her band of lovers must be in the thousands now — as she has become more adept her appetite has expanded, and she has rarely had one single boyfriend. Even now at 54, she has a lover younger than she is. And with my blessing.

(Name and address withheld)

Unlike the reader who wrote in Vol 21 No 5, I have not been able to share my wife in bed with another man. However there was one occasion where I was close to turning my fantasy into fact.

As British residents on the Continent, my wife and I have enjoyed the periodical courtesy visits of Royal Navy ships, and have entertained members of their crews during their stay. On one occasion, a good many years ago, we visited the Petty Officers' mess of a frigate that shall remain nameless. During the course of the evening we went to a number of clubs and bars where Joanna (name changed) enjoyed herself dancing with the visitors, particularly one PO, I shall call Jack, whilst I sat drinking with the lads. This went on till the small hours, so I awoke the next morning with a terrible hangover.

Joanna asked me if I'd like to go out with the same gang that night. I was feeling so rough I declined. But Joanna was so disappointed, I suggested that she went alone. At first she disagreed saying that Jack had been trying to seduce her last night, and would likely succeed if I wasn't there.

My wife has a lovely little body with shapely legs and full voluptuous boobs. She enjoyed making love, but was extraordinarily faithful, and though I loved her dearly, I felt it was such a waste that only I could enjoy the pleasure she gave. Indeed my most recurrent fantasy was to imagine her writhing and moaning impaled on the massive root of some total stranger. Also as an ex-serviceman myself, I believed that it is the patriotic duty of every Englishwoman to satisfy the more urgent needs of her country's defenders, and therefore encouraged her to go along and take whatever fate might send. She was rather shocked that I was so broadminded, but reluctantly agreed, whilst I sat at home and gave my imagination free rein.

Five hours later, when I was already in bed, she returned, a little unsure of her welcome. She told me all that had happened. She had gone out with the same four chaps, but eventually Jack had managed to lose the others, and driven her to a lonely spot up the coast. There they got into the back of the car and started kissing and cuddling. Almost before she knew it, Jack was between her thighs, furiously pumping his cock in and out of her juicy little quim. He came, before she could reach her climax. The same thing happened again, when after resting for a time, they tried it again. Afterwards, she drove him back to the ship, and returned home thoroughly unsatisfied, but having enjoyed the experience.

The recounting of this tale, naturally gave me an enormous erection, and I soon had her take her clothes off and was pumping into her. Like the mills of God, I grind slowly but to considerable effect, so she had her orgasm after all, and we both fell asleep. In the morning, recalling what had passed, I felt aroused again, and I made love to her once more.

Had we stopped there all would have been well, but that night Joanna was keener still to go out again with Jack. This time, at my suggestion, she took with her some pillows and a blanket, and they lay in the moonlight under the pines. Jack soon had most of her clothes off, and made the most of their last night together by screwing her no fewer than four times before she, rather more reluctantly, drove back to the ship in the small hours. She came back to me in a blissful daze, her poor ravaged pussy still drenched, and despite her exhaustion was once again well and truly fucked by me. In the morning, I made love to her again, so between Jack and myself, she had been screwed ten times in less than 36 hours. Not bad going for girl who normally counted herself lucky if she got it once a fortnight.

At this point, however, just when the experiment seemed to have ended as an unqualified success, Nemesis overtook us. Like so many nice girls, Joanna found it difficult to give herself without any emotional involvement. She had only allowed herself to be drawn into the game by her strong physical attraction to Jack. She was perfectly aware that he only wanted to enjoy her physically, but three nights exposure to his high pressure flattery and protestations of undying love was too long, and she was getting carried away by her emotions. Our marriage was so close that it never entered my head that this might happen, and it brought about a feeling of despair in me that a mere sexual escapade on her part couldn't have done.

For the next couple of months we passed through a difficult period, and I virtually had to court her all over again. Eventually our love for each other triumphed, and our marriage became, if anything, better than before. But we had both had a fright, and Joanna could not be persuaded to repeat the experience. Although I think we could have profitted from our mistakes, and made a better job of it next time, I was not prepared to risk trying to push her against her will. Of Jack, as was to be expected, nothing was ever heard again.

(Name and address withheld)

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I love reading your letters pages with my boyfriend, and find them a great turn-on. However, I'm surprised to see that there are so few letters from fans of PVC and leather. Ray (name changed) and I have been dedicated plastic fans for years. I usually wear something PVC, even during the day — a coat, skirt or top — and then go to town in the evenings.

Ray is particularly keen on a black plastic catsuit of mine which had a very convenient zip around the crotch. Being a nicely rounded 38-26-36, it fits me beautifully, though I say so myself. It pushes my cleavage right up, and the low front means that Ray gets a view of a lovely deep pink valley, and the contrast with the black shiny material always manages to get him going. He looks stunning in his black leather trousers, and together we make love almost every night — and often with our clothes on.

I'm surprised you haven't covered

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LETTERS

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the subject because rubber, leather and plastic are very fashionable at the moment, and all sorts of ladies are turning up on TV dressed in sexy black shiny attire. Toyah, Tina Turner and even one of the Nolan Sisters have climbed into tight-fitting gear. If they can, why not a few of your models? Better still how about a feature on the fashion clothes on display. I'd love it, and I'm sure anyone who appreciates sexy clothing would have to agree. You don't have to wear it to appreciate it.

Well, I must stop now. I must slide my way into a pair of red plastic trousers and high heels ready for Ray to return from work. All this talk has made me fancy a little action.

Lena, Wembley

Last summer, my girlfriend visited me while I was living in Berlin. In my letters to her, prior to her visit I was telling Sue (name changed) how much I liked suspenders (especially black ones), and that she should get some. I was therefore highly delighted when she turned up with black, black and red, and white sets.

I was even more delighted when she suggested a fashion parade. She dressed up in a black set first which showed off her figure to perfection. She wore no bra, just a red blouse to hide her nipples (just!). Her panties were black with tiny red bows and red lace interwoven across the top. Her stockings were two shades of black spiralling up her lovely tanned legs. Being dark-haired this outfit complemented her perfectly, and she looked better than ever.

I need not add that this turned me on no end — especially when she raised no objections to me photographing her in several poses. Nor is there any need to mention what she did raise.

For the next few minutes I happily snapped away, getting more and more excited. Finally as she was perched on the edge of the sofa with her legs stretched out in front of her, she admitted that the whole thing was also turning her on. At this juncture, I felt it prudent to abandon the camera and join her. I began kissing her belly button while my hand gently massaged the front of her panties. Her legs parted for me as I began kissing over her crutch, moving down to her thighs which I softly nibbled and sucked — she likes that. But she pulled my head back to her panties, and I knew what she wanted as she lay back. I began to kiss and run my tongue along the crotch of the panties.

She eased them down, despite my protests (it's a kink of mine to try and probe my way inside them before they're removed), but she pulled them right down, and opened her legs wider. Then I realised how wet and ready she was.

She ran a finger along her crack to open herself up, exposing her clitty. I buried my face into her, licking at her juices until my tongue found her clit. I licked and flicked across it, described circles teasingly around it, as she sighed with pleasure. She said that she was close to orgasm, and wanted me inside her. So I pulled down my trousers and pants, and placed my hard member between her pussy lips, before slowly easing in. I began to work in and out, slowly building up rhythm with Sue's verbal encouragement.

She reached down and began to rub her clitty at the same time. She was moaning and I knew she was coming. Then she began to shout and her whole body jerked. She was climaxing, but still she was whispering 'Fuck me, fuck me,' which helped me over the edge. Soon I came too, pumping into her. It was truly exhilarating.

Our little fashion parade formed the basis of our foreplay on several other occasions during her stay, with similar results. We've also used *Mayfair* letters and stories to spice up our sexplay.

I asked Sue if she would like to pose for *Mayfair* given the opportunity, and she admitted that she would find it exciting. However, you will have to go out of your way to photograph her. She's in Perth, Western Australia.

RM, Southampton

I thought you might be as amused as I was by a remark by a disgruntled manager in our office. Thwarted in an attempt to get some papers signed, he exclaimed loudly. 'Trying to get anything done in this place is like elephants making love. It's done at high level. It's acomplished with a great deal of screaming and roaring and it takes two years to produce results.'

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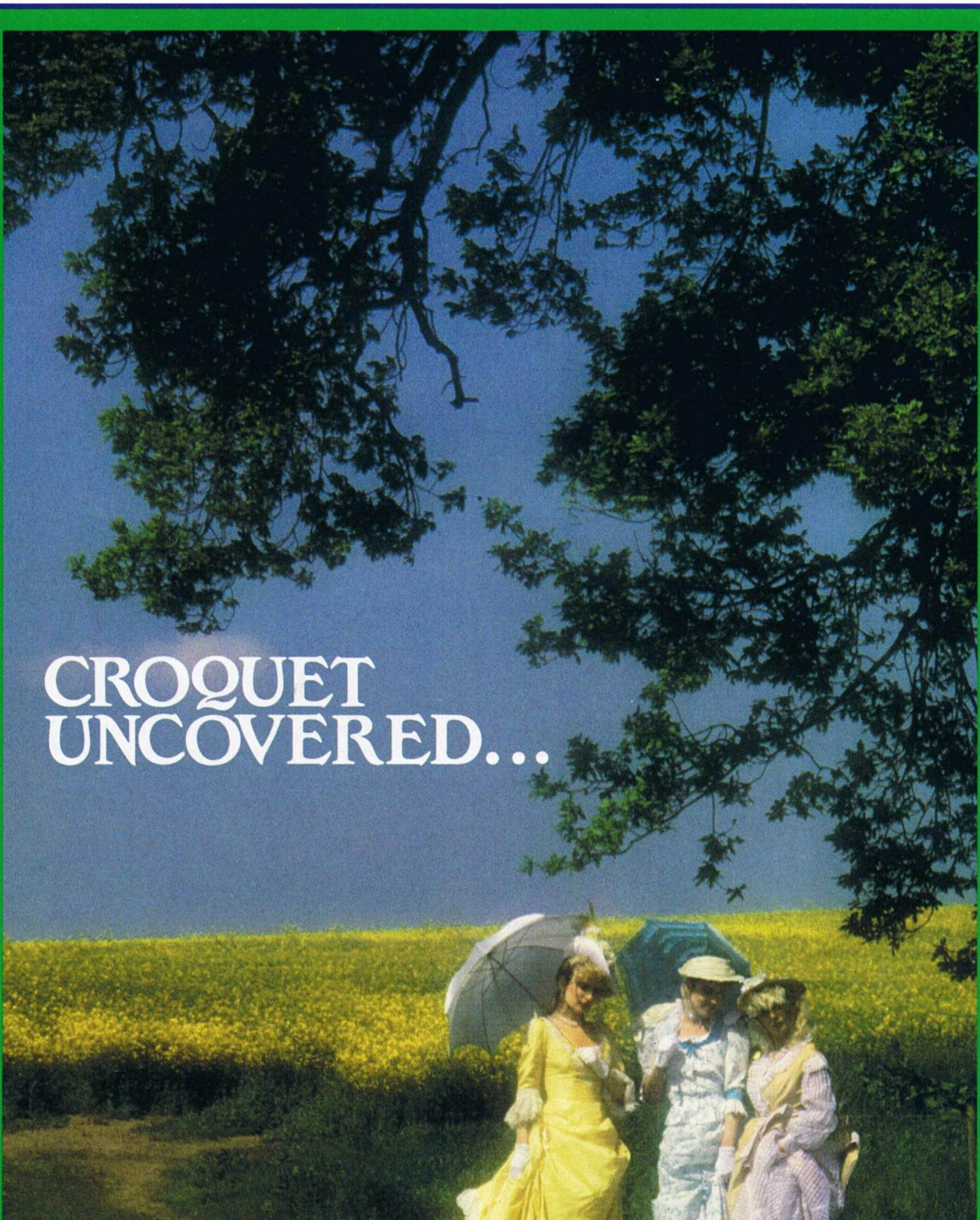
CROQUET UNCOVERED...



Croquet is one of the most genteel of sports. A game played on vicarage lawns, with occasional breaks for the taking of tea and tiny cucumber sandwiches. At least, so we thought until we invited Charlotte, Sarah and Josephine for a game one Sunday afternoon. They arrived on the dot of three demurely clad in elegant hats, their flowing white dresses rustling as they walked: a picture of sweet innocence to grace any clergyman's garden. Somehow, we suspected it wouldn't last. Buttons started to come undone, hooks parted company from eyes, and pink flesh came into view.

Unhampered by her dress and most of her underwear it was Charlotte who made the first stroke with her mallet. Sarah and Josephine took up the challenge, equally deshabillée, and soon all three seemed to have the hang of the game. Boobs bobbed and the sun glinted on bare bottoms. Nobody cared about taking turns and disputes about the rules dissolved into helpless giggles. Croquet was never like this, or was it?

Croquet is surely the most prim and proper of games. So why did it sexually excite the Victorians, upset the US Congress, cause divorces, and earn the title 'a visual metaphor for man-hunting'?

...Is it sheer malice with mallets?

By Cyril Bracegirdle

Croquet — a nice gentle game in which ladies and gentlemen quietly push a ball through a hoop with a wooden mallet. A scene of tranquillity once described by an eminent writer — an easily deceived individual — as 'about as exciting as watching paint dry!'

Don't believe it! Beneath the surface of Association Croquet seethes the same kind of fierce competition that exists in international chess.

> ❛ As the ladies glided across the lawn their skirts rose revealing parts of the anatomy previously unseen. Gangs of youths would stare, their primitive passions aroused ❜

While watching a croquet championship match it is indeed difficult to accept that in 1902, Judge Barlaine Deane, in the London Divorce Court said, 'I do not think there is any game which is so liable to put one out of humour as croquet.' He was hearing a suit brought by the wife of the Reverend Fernley-Whittingstall on grounds of cruelty. The lady stated that during a game of croquet her husband became incensed because she questioned whether his ball had properly passed through a hoop. As a result he did not speak to her for a week.

The spectacle of gladiatorial combat which is often the reality of croquet is not apparent to the casual eye. The cover-up is due to the survival of the game's image as one that used to be played on the lawns of stately homes by men in boater hats, and ladies in wide flowing skirts.

But it was the skirts that caused the trouble. In the age of the crinoline, with its wire frames to hold the material rigidly out, they lifted as the ladies glided excitedly across the green, often revealing that portion of the female anatomy attached to the lower end of the nether limb, known as the ankle. The effect of this upon susceptible males can be easily imagined. Gangs of youths would gather along the perimeter whenever public contests were held, their primitive passions aroused, and staggering away afterwards with steamed up eyeballs.

In *Mr Punch's Pocket Book for 1862* there is a cartoon by John Leech with the caption 'Fanny, her eyes on him, placing her pretty little foot on the ball, said "Now I am going to croquet you." And croqueted he was completely!'

The game was considered to be such a menace to Christian morality and to the very fabric of Western society that in the 1870s the city of Boston, USA, formally banned it. As a ,City Father explained: 'The woman, placing her foot upon one of two closely juxtaposed balls and administering a sharp thwack with her mallet gives a thinly disguised symbol of female aggression against a male-dominated society. Where will it all lead?'

Well, we, in the age of Fem Lib, could have told him, couldn't we?

The origins of croquet are vague. It goes back to the Middle Ages, and seems to have been invented in France, probably by wealthy aristocrats with large private lawns. It was imported into England in the early 1850s under the name of *paille maille* (ball and mallet), and was soon a craze among the upper classes. There is an obvious connection with London's Pall Mall, and the very ancient game used to be played in that street.

The magazine *The Field* wrote on August 13, 1864, 'A few years ago a new game was quietly introduced into this country. Its origin is shrouded in a mystery as great as that which surrounds King Arthur's sword Excalibur. Its very name draws attention to French dictionaries, and it is to this day a debatable question among philologists.'

The odd thing about this is that some French dictionaries actually describe it as an English game! Meanwhile *Cassell's New English Dictionary* insists that croquet is a word deriving from Old North French. So the mystery of its time origin remains.

John Jacques, an ivory-turner of London, was the first person in Britain to start manufacturing the equipment for croquet, and his firm, John Jacques Ltd of Thornton Heath, Surrey, is still the only specialist producer.

A game of croquet on a sunny afternoon, played on one of those lawns created by landscape gardeners of genius, watered by two or three centuries of English rain, could be followed by a champagne supper on the terrace, and then music in the ballroom. Some fashionable young dandies took up the game with such zeal that they progressed from one garden party to another throughout the season.

The Viceroy of India, Sir John Lawrence, introduced croquet to the Jewel in the Crown where he played on the lawn of Government House with a solid ivory mallet. Sometimes championship matches in India were played picturesquely at night, with servants carrying lanterns and the croquet hoops illuminated by candles.

An important aspect of croquet is that even today it is virtually the only completely unisex game in which men and women play together against each other on equal terms. A tennis foursome is the only modern equivalent that comes to mind.

It is not surprising that the Victorian moralists saw great danger in such a game.

In 1898 at Wimbledon a tall, slim blonde named Lily Gower beat C E Willis, the previous All England champion. In 1901 she won the Open Gold Medal against G H Woolston, despite a dispute about a tactical manoeuvre called double-tapping. Woolston had complained about this, and there were some who thought a gentleman really should not have mentioned it, and, anyway, other players had been known to double-tap.

In 1907 Lily Gower went on to perform the remarkable feat of winning the *Mens* Open Event! It seems that there was some technical flaw in the rules which had allowed her to enter.

It may well be that Lily Gower's sensational victory is one reason why men ever since have taken good care to ensure that every sport is divided into male and female events, even when physical strength is no asset.

One can almost hear the sports organisers muttering in that golden sunset of the Edwardian age 'By gad, you chaps; there must be no more Lily Gowers to beat us, what?'

Unfortunately for male supremacy, the barriers have recently started to crumble in horse racing and in motor racing.

By the end of the 1870s the first enthusiasm for croquet had begun to pall somewhat in England, and although the Croquet Association was well established, more ladies were taking to lawn tennis. So croquet crossed the Atlantic, and became the rage with the well-heeled in America.

Rutherford Hayes, who was President from 1877 to 1881, caused a bit of a flap in Congress when the news got around that he spent six dollars of public funds on a set of balls and a mallet for the White House lawn.

Among America's moralists the new game was soon being recognised as 'a visual metaphor for man-hunting,' and they further maintained that 'he who has grasped the mallet has embraced vice.'

By the 1920s when women's skirts were raised by the dictates of fashion, croquet soon lost its immoral image. No need to go to a croquet match to look at ankles when you could see them and more on the streets any day.

So popular had the game become by the mid-century that Averell Harriman, appointed ambassador to Moscow in 1943, had a croquet lawn built for him in the embassy grounds. Hollywood took up the game with fervour, and stars such as Bogart and Spencer Tracy maintained first-class courts along with their swimming pools.

Apart from the passions it has aroused, croquet contains other distinct elements of chess: the player has to be constantly thinking several moves ahead, and must try to manoeuvre the opponent into making errors, or lead him into making tactical blunders that will provide an opening. Alexander Woolcott described it quite accurately as 'no game for the soft of sinew or gentle of heart.'

In neither Britain nor America did croquet ever catch on with the working classes. It has remained something of an elite game. It is played at the best colleges in the States, such as Yale and Princeton, and tournaments are held in such haunts of the top people as Palm Beach, Bermuda and Newport.

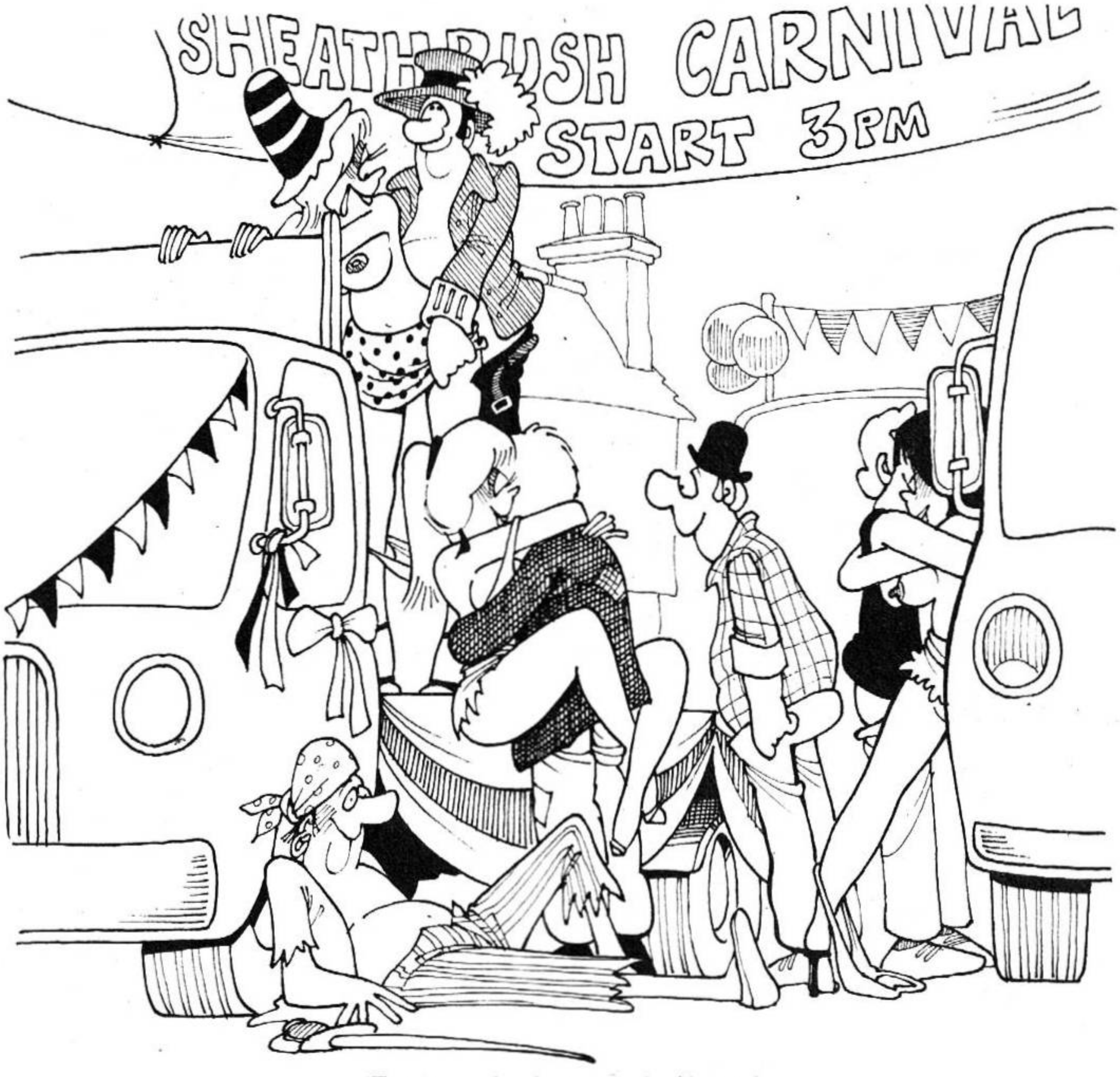
Every September the National Singles and Doubles Championships take place in New York. Following the English tradition, champagne is served after the matches, and at the conclusion of the tournament all the contestants attend the Croquet Hall of Fame Ball.

The only detailed story of croquet that has been written is *History of Croquet*, a well-researched work by D M C Prichard. Other than that, the historians of sport seem to have ignored the game.

If you want to play croquet on your own lawn, a Jacques Trolley Set for four players costs £23.50. Or you can be a big spender, and splash out on the elite Hurlingham Set for £695!

Association croquet is played on a green measuring 35 by 28 yards, although many of the 120 clubs in Britain have smaller lawns which they maintain for teaching. The uninitiated fail to visualise the skill and accuracy needed to steer a ball weighing one pound through a hoop, or wicket, which is only an eighth of an inch wider than the ball. Try it sometime.

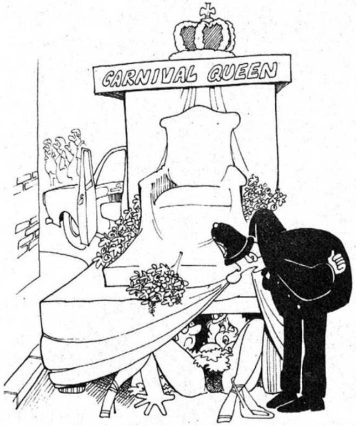
> ❛ He who grasps the mallet embraces vice, claimed American moralists. Whilst ladies croquet was called a symbol of female aggression against men ❜


SHEATHBUSH CARNIVAL
START 3PM

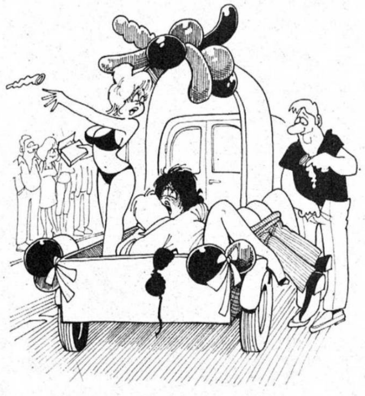
'There seem to be a lot more entries this year.'

ALL A-BAWD FOR THE CARNIVAL FLOAT

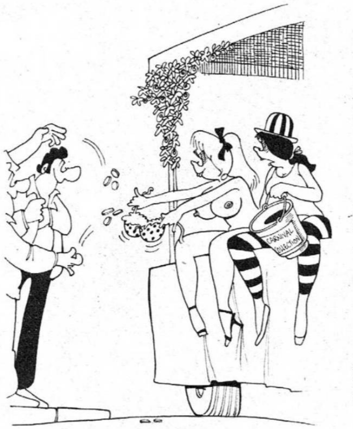
There's nothing like a procession to put us in the carnival mood. Cartoonist Anthony tags along and uncovers grunting beneath the bunting


CARNIVAL QUEEN

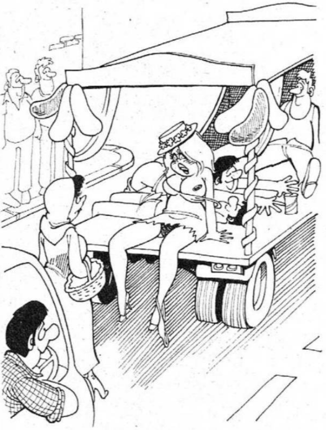
'Excuse me, but the procession left ten minutes ago.'



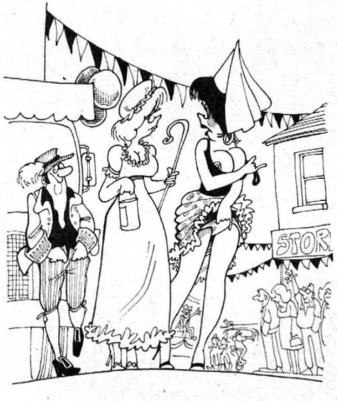
'Don't hand those out, Lucy. They're not balloons.'


CARNIVAL COLLECTION

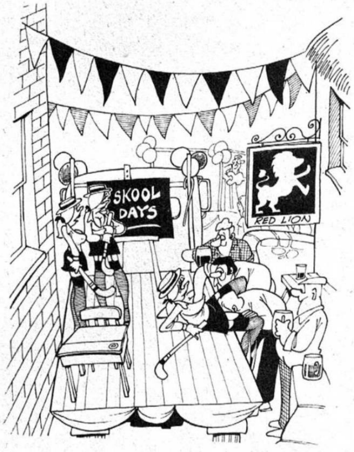
'Hey! That's not fair!'



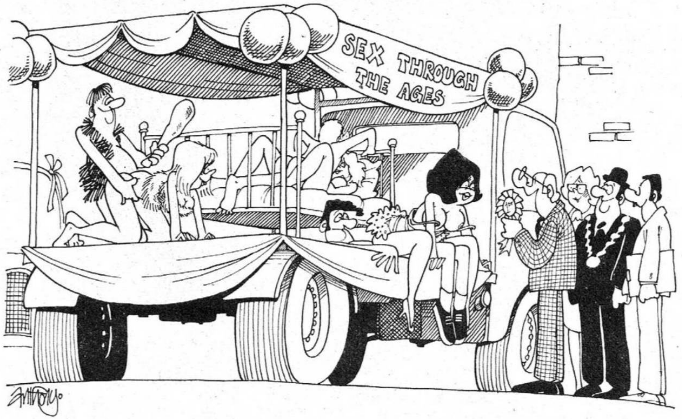
'I must admit, after seven miles I thought it would be my feet that were sore.'



'When he said it was one of the longest in the country, I thought he meant the procession.'


SKOOL DAYS
RED LION

'I suppose we should have warned Veronica about passing the Red Lion.'


SEX THROUGH THE AGES

'The judges are unanimous in awarding this float first prize'

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CAYROL STEVENS

SUSAN

Susan Richards sunk into the deep cushions on her chaise-longue, and contemplated her new role as a model. As she did so, she toyed with the stem of a carnation picked from her garden that morning. Then, with a soft smile, she said, 'I didn't really think of it as modelling at all. I just like being photographed.' Languidly, she reached up to her bookcase, and pulled down a large leather-bound dictionary. Leafing through its pages, she suddenly stopped, and let out a trickling laugh. ' ''A model,'' ' she read, ' ''A standard of excellence.'' Perhaps that's not so far wrong after all . . .' Twenty-two-year-old Susan is lucky. She can afford excellence in practically everything, and a succession of relatives with large estates in Scotland, has meant that she has not had to work for it. She is a lady of leisure — and loves it.

Susan spends her days lazing around her house near the river in Thames Ditton, reading 'everything from Jackie Collins to Jean Paul Sartre'. Endless bookcases are testament to her extensive collection. She admits to taking no exercise beyond strolling along the towpath, and keeps her 35-24-35 figure she claims 'by chance.' And what about men? She regards them with equal nonchalance. 'Sometimes they happen along,' she says, that soft smile returning. 'Occasionally I lure them into my web with a promise of sweet wine, soft music and a little . . . human companionship. I've never been to a night club or discotheque. From what I hear they are perfectly ghastly.' She lies back and stretches a stockinged leg, a glimpse of suspender at her thigh. 'A standard of excellence,' she murmured. 'Hmmm. I couldn't have put it better myself . . .'

Radioactive fallout from the Chernobyl disaster caused worldwide concern, and in some places panic. But lying on the seabed are the decomposing reactors of two sunken US atomic submarines, and at least three nuclear-tipped ballistic missiles from a Russian sub. Today what happened to the three grey ladies remains a mystery. Had there been an atomic explosion on *USS Thresher*? Had the Soviets sunk the *USS Scorpion*? And why were the CIA trying to salvage the Russian boat?

Edwyn Gray investigates

THE NUKE SUB DISASTERS

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

With the United States ensign fluttering from the jackstaff at her stern the submarine rescue ship *Skylark* steamed in a slow but purposeful circle some 220 miles out into the Atlantic, east of Boston. It was 0912 on April 10, 1963, and the sun-dappled calm of the sea gave no hint that, 800 feet below the surface, 131 men were about to die with cataclysmic suddenness.

There had already been several indications that all was not well with the nuclear-powered submarine *Thresher* over which the little *Skylark* was now standing guard. Communication between the two vessels had ceased completely following an exchange of messages at 0902, and although the breakdown was probably only due to thermal interference with the conductive cable of the UQC underwater telephone. Lieutenant Commander Stanley Hecker, the skipper of *Skylark*, was anxious to re-establish his voice link with the submerged submarine without delay. And at 0912 the surface ship requested curtly: 'Gertrude Check, K.'

The enquiry, carefully coded to baffle any Soviet eavesdropper who might be monitoring the conversation, was no more than a routine request to restore communication — the final 'K' meaning 'Over'. Impatient at the lack of acknowledgement *Skylark's* captain repeated the 'K' callsign twice more in as many seconds, and his fingers drummed an anxious tattoo on the chartroom table as he waited.

Thresher's reply, received less than a minute later at 0913, was broken and distorted. But its import was clear enough to alarm the officers grouped around the communications equipment on the tender's bridge: 'Experiencing minor difficulty. Have positive up-angle. Attempting to blow . . .'

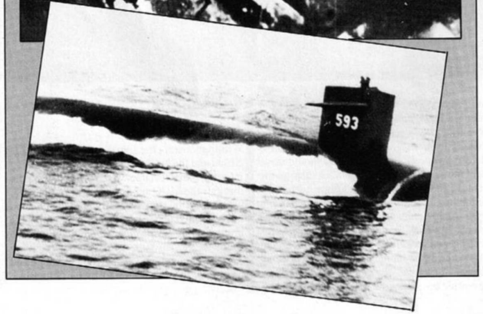
The disembodied voice crackling through the bulkhead speaker of the UQC link sounded calm and casual. But Hecker recognised a warning of danger in the final phrase. If *Thresher's* captain, Commander 'Wes' Harvey, had given orders to blow the main ballast tanks it meant that the submarine was in serious trouble. The up-angle of the hydroplanes plus the surging thrust of the nuclear-powered steam turbines should have been more than adequate to kick her to the surface under normal conditions. And the attempt to blow the tanks at or near maximum depth — a procedure that had never been tested before — suggested that desperate measures were needed to get the submarine back to the surface. Hecker could not help wondering whether Harvey had, for some reason, shut down the reactor leaving the submarine without power.

Within moments the sounds of the vents being closed and the hiss of high-pressure air surging into the ballast tanks were clearly audible through the UQC loudspeakers. Hecker, still worried by the turn of events, told the enlisted man at the telephone to inform *Thresher* that the immediate area was clear of shipping, and he followed this up with a further report giving *Skylark's* course, and requesting the range and bearing of the rescue ship from the submarine. Receiving no reply Hecker seized the telephone

CHRISTIE LYONS

The girl who looks like Makepeace

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOANIE ALLUM



Left: Lt-Cdr John 'Wes' Harvey, who commanded the nuclear-powered submarine, USS Thresher, *which went down with the loss of 131 lives in April, 1963. Below: a damaged portion of a sonar dome from the* Thresher, *photographed by the bathyscaph* Trieste *in August 1963. Bottom: The* USS Thresher *underway on the surface. She sank while conducting diving tests. Her reactor was never found.*

himself and demanded urgently: 'Are you in control?'

Two minutes later, at 0917, a faint human voice emerged through the crackling white-noise of the loudspeaker. In itself the brief message made no apparent sense.

'900 N.'

It is at this point that the mystery of the *Thresher* begins. It has been suggested that '900 N' was a condition code report — a code of a type used by police forces and CB enthusiasts throughout the world in which a particular number indicates a specific situation or instruction. If this is correct then the precise meaning of the mysterious code group is known to the United States Navy. Yet in the course of the evidence presented to the Court of Inquiry investigating the circumstances of the disaster the cryptic *900 N* was never mentioned — unless, of course, it was deliberately suppressed from the published transcript of the proceedings.

When questioned about the 0917 voice report — the last message transmitted by the doomed submarine — Hecker told the Court that he had received a garbled message which ended '. . . test depth', and his evidence was supported by another officer who had been on the bridge with him, Lieutenant James D Watson. But there is no record of this voice message in *Skylark's* logbook — only the mysterious *900 N.* And it seems unlikely that Hecker was translating *900* out of code into plain language for he added in reply to further questions that it was a reasonable assumption that 'test depth' had been prefixed by 'exceeding'. A US Navy security blanket ensured that no reason or explanation was ever published for the discrepancies between Hecker's testimony and the logbook entries.

Hecker also told the Court that he heard 'a dull muted sound like that of a ship breaking up' immediately after the voice message, and Watson agreed in cross examination that it was like 'the sound of a compartment collapsing' — an interpretation later challenged by Lt Cdr Raymond McCoole, *Thresher's* Reactor Control Officer who, by a fortunate quirk of fate, had not sailed with the submarine on its final journey.

Despite these ominous noises, however, *Skylark* continued sending messages to the submarine by UQC and radio — a total, in all, of 38 signals in the space of 46 mintues. And in desperation Hecker even resorted to dropping underwater grenades over the side — the traditional signal for a submerged submarine to come to the surface immediately. Finally at 1104, and still finding it difficult to accept that the worst had happened, he beamed a radio signal to COMSUBLANT (Commander Submarine Force Atlantic Fleet) at the Navy's New London base: 'Unable to communicate with *Thresher* since 1917R. Have been calling by UQC voice, CW and QHB — CW every minute. Explosive signals every ten minutes with no success. Last transmission received was garbled. Indicated *Thresher* was approaching test depth. My present position 41° 42′ North, 64° 57′ West. Conducting expanding search.'

Reception difficulties delayed receipt of the complete signal for an hour and 40 minutes but once its significance had been digested a SUBMISS warning alert was flashed to all ships and aircraft in the area.

Thresher was the world's first nuclear submarine to meet with disaster. And the top brass wanted

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The Nuke Sub Disasters

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to know *why* before the politicians began asking awkward questions about radio-activity and contamination. Not to mention scare headlines in the newspapers equating nuke submarines with underwater atomic bombs. The Navy was already running scared. And everyone knew it.

* * * *

American interest in the concept of nuclear-powered submarines goes back a surprisingly long way. In the spring of 1939 Admiral Harold G Bowen, the head of the Naval Research Laboratory, authorised a grant to $1.500 for research into the practical application of nuclear fission to submarine propulsion units. It proved a shrewd and far-sighted investment. Today, the United States has some 130 nuclear submarines in service. And the mind-boggling cost of one single *Layfayette*-class vessel is currently in excess of $1.1 billion — and that's without missiles!

Although Admiral Hyman G Rickover is rightly acknowledged as the father of the atomic submarine he selflessly admits that his initial inspiration for the concept stemmed from the theoretical proposals of Dr Philip H Abelson — one of the team that built the Hiroshima bomb — who produced a report in 1946 in which he set out detailed technical drawings and data for the construction of a submarine powered by turbines using steam generated by a nuclear reactor.

But with the war only just ended and with no nuclear reactors on the drawing-board let alone built, such visionary plans held little appeal for the bureaucrats and the report was pigeon-holed. Rickover himself only discoverd it by accident while on secondment to the Atomic Energy Commission's laboratories.

From that moment onwards Rickover had but one ambition in life — to design and build a nuclear submarine. It was a daunting project for one man to pursue but Rickover's enthusiasm soon gained him the support of like-minded officers and scientists. It was a challenge that posed a million and one technical and engineering problems. And it would involve designing and building a reactor from scratch. The immensity of this latter task became apparent when Rickover asked a leading company how long it would take to produce a naval reactor. He was quoted a time-scale of eight to 14 *years*. And that, it was explained hastily, assumed that the work was given top priority.

With the project starting at a time when most nuclear scientists were only concerned with building bigger and better bombs, and when no completed reactor existed anywhere in the world from which experience could be gained, it speaks volumes for Rickover's perseverance and determination that the US Navy's first nuclear submarine, *Nautilus*, was laid down on June 14, 1952, and tasted salt water for the first time on January 17, 1955. Her signal, 'Underway on nuclear power', wrote a new page of maritime history. And as proof of her capabilities she travelled 62.559 miles on her original golfball-sized core of enriched uranium, and became the first vessel to pass beneath the ice-caps of the North Pole.

* * *

Thresher was the 19th nuclear submarine to join the US Navy and was the name-ship of a new class of hunter killer boats designed to seek out and destroy both surface vessel and other submarines. Displacing 3.750 tons in surface trim and 4.300 tons submerged with all her ballast tanks flooded she spanned 278½ feet from stem to stern, and had a maximum beam of 31.7 feet. She was the first submarine to be equipped with the new SUBROC anti-submarine missiles, and her water-cooled reactor gave her a surface speed of 20 knots with a classified '30+' when running submerged. Her authorised complement comprised 12 officers and 98 enlisted men but on the day she vanished she was carrying a further 21 'observers' — a supercargo of civilians and service personnel involved in the US Navy's nuclear submarine programme.

It is true to say that *Thresher's* career was a chapter of accidents from the day she was commissioned. She spent 406 out of her brief 625 day life either moored to a quayside or in dry-dock, and in that time she was the victim of 11 fires, and suffered a monotonous series of broken pipes and fractured air-lines. In addition she was in collision with the civilian tug *Hollywood* off Port Canaveral in Florida — an encounter that left her with a gaping three foot hole in her hull plating. The *Thresher* was subjected to excessive shock waves while undergoing safety tests in the vicinity of Key West, and it was admitted to the Court of Inquiry that she may have suffered unseen structural damage from these simulated depth-charge attacks — damage that could have been a contributary factor to her final loss. But even these mishaps were not the end of her troubles.

On the morning of November 2, 1961, *Thresher* moored alongside the Fernandez Bravo pier at San Juan, Puerto Rico, and her skipper took the opportunity to shut-down her reactor to 'sub critical'. With no steam available from the heat exchanger to operate the main generator the boat's electrical power had to be obtained from a small auxilliary generator which ran off the diesel engine. There were no problems throughout the day but just before midnight a broken pump disabled the diesel unit and, when the duty engineer switched the load, he found that the submarine's batteries were incapable of producing sufficient amps to operate the generator. Even more worrying the batteries proved to have insufficient power to restart the reactor!

Without electricity the air-conditioning plant stopped working and temperatures inside the boat quickly rose to a suffocating 136°F. Most of the crew had to be evacuated, and the situation was only saved when the submarine *Cavella* came alongside *Thresher*, and ran cables across from her own batteries to 'jump start' the nuclear sub's reactor.

The inadequate capacity of the batteries was a serious matter. But an equally serious problem emerged when tests showed that de-ballasting, ie blowing the ballast tanks, did not produce sufficient buoyancy to bring the submarine back to the surface without the assistance of engine power. To guard against this danger neither of *Thresher's* captains, Commander Axene or Commander Harvey, relied on the vessel's blowing system to obtain positive buoyancy, and both men preferred to submerge with the ballast tanks only partially flooded and to then rely solely on engine power to drive the submarine down to the depths and to bring her back up to the surface again.

Matters took an even more serious turn when the hull structure of the boat became suspect. The Navy was using HY-80 steel for the construction of its nuclear submarines but tests revealed that plates made from this steel often developed cracks after welding. Indeed the unusual hardness of the metal made it a difficult material to handle, and there were numerous reports of weld failures. In fact it was officially admitted *after* the

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Below: The second American nuclear submarine to sink was the USS Scorpion, *seen being launched at Groton, Connecticut, in Dec 1959.*

Keep this magazine beside your television set at all times. You will need it next time you settle back on the settee to watch those erstwhile crime-fighters *Dempsey and Makepeace* careering around the streets of London. The reason? Take another, closer, look at these pictures of 18-year-old Christie Lyons. Isn't she the spitting image of Glynis Barber's character – Makepeace? Fellow pupils at the Redbridge, London, Drama and Dance College thought she looked so much like the blonde detective they nicknamed her 'Makepeace'. And Christie played along, too, having her hair styled à la Glynis.

The Nuke Sub Disasters

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disaster that 'problems in welding and forming of heavy structural members in the development of piping systems and hull fittings for deep submergence' had not been 'successfully solved' by the time *Thresher* went into service. And even though the officers and men of the vessel had the utmost confidence in their boat a number of the top brass and several of the specialist constructors knew that, in certain specific circumstances, each and every man aboard the submarine was riding a one-way ticket to eternity.

The countdown to the *Thresher* disaster bears an uncomfortable similarity to the *Challenger* shuttle tragedy in which, more than 20 years later, seven astronauts were to lose their lives in full view of a world-wide television audience. Many senior space scientists and engineers were aware of the structural shortcomings of the shuttle vehicle and its boosters but their doubts and warnings were ignored by other colleagues holding more senior status in the chain of command. And evidence given to the Presidential Commission investigating the *Challenger* disaster revealed the same complacency and over-confidence that had contributed to the destruction of the *Thresher*. Technocrats, it seems, are unable to learn from past mistakes.

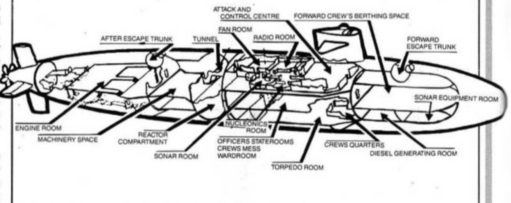
The US Navy organised a massive search operation to find the lost submarine, and every conceivable scientific instrument was employed in the hunt — underwater TV cameras, deep-towed magnetometers, side-scanning echo sounders, fathometers, Geiger counters and a host of other space-age detection devices many of which are still on the secret list. For not only did the Navy want to find out what had happened to the *Thresher* it was already under strong pressure from the Government concerning possible radiation leakage from the submarine's nuclear reactor.

Experts have repeatedly stated that there is no possible scenario which could cause a nuclear explosion inside a submarine. The worst that can happen, apparently, is for the reactor to overheat causing its core to degenerate into a molten isotope. And the odds against this happening are given as once in 10,000 years. (But that is also what experts said about land-based reactors, Chernobyl included.) The lead shield encasing the reactor would make the escape of radio-active material totally impossible in *any* circumstances. And exhaustive checks have been carried out to ensure 100% safety. But the pressure of water at extreme depths is frighteningly powerful, and it needs an incredibly strong structure to withstand the crushing effect of the ocean. Having seen so many failures in modern technology when, despite the assurances of the experts, the 'impossible' has proved possible it is difficult to be totally confident about the structural integrity of the protective shield that encases the reactor unit. And the US Navy's over-kill response to the disaster suggests that many of its own senior officers entertained similar doubts!

The search team quickly discovered a large oil slick and various pieces of debris in the area where the *Thresher* made her last dive. And by morning a number of items had been retrieved including several rubber gloves, some pieces of cork insulation, and strips of yellow plastic. All the evidence suggested that the submarine had broken up. But no one could be entirely sure. Laboratory tests, while agreeing that the debris *might* have come from the *Thresher*, could not provide positive confirmation that it *had* done so. And nothing less than cast-iron proof would satisfy the US Navy.

It was like looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack with the aid of a small magnet attached to the end of a length of string. Yet during the first 14 days a dozen possible contacts had been located on the fathometer inside the ten square mile search area, and each was methodically entered on the charts. On May 27 *Task Force 89.7*, as the search team was officially designated, began the third stage of the hunt, and the next day 15 packets of 'O' rings, which the experts considered *might* have come from the submarine, were dredged up. More finds followed until, finally, on June 24, *Atlantis II* brought up a damaged battery plate which was specifically identified by the Exide Corporation's representative as coming from the *Thresher*.

It was now certain that the final resting place of the doomed submarine had been located, and the bathyscaphe *Trieste* carried out a series of investigatory dives while a group of Soviet intelligence 'trawlers' passed through the search area electronically sniffing for information. At the same time Navy photographers took thousands of underwater pictures of the ocean floor.



US Navy diagram of Thresher-class nuclear submarines.

Trieste found the remains of *Thresher* lying at a depth of 8,400 feet. Precise details of what she discovered were given a high security classification, and have never been publicly disclosed but it seems clear that the submarine had been crushed by the enormous pressure of the sea — some 3,700 pounds per square inch at this depth — and published photographs show the wreckage scattered in thousands of pieces over a large area.

The observers in the bathyscaphe saw a large crater in the ocean floor which some naval experts thought might contain the reactor section of the ill-fated submarine. But this particular theory is still the subject of dispute behind the guarded doors of the Pentagon. It is also a matter of public record that the reactor was never found. These self-same records, however, fail to mention a persistent rumour, quoted by John Bentley in his book *The Thresher Disaster*, that one of the submarines engaged in the search detected garbled human voices on its UQC telephone many hours after the disaster. Some investigators have alleged that the undamaged forward section of the *Thresher* was blown clear when the submarine broke up and that a group of survivors were trapped inside it. If the rumours are correct the ultimate fate of these helpless survivors does not bear thinking about.

In the course of her seabed search the *Trieste* lifted a small length of twisted piping which bore *Thresher's* official number, *593*. And, after verification, this was accepted as being sufficient evidence of identification. The Navy was finally satisfied, and on September 5, Secretary Korth released a press statement confirming that the search was being abandoned. In the course of the ensuing 20 years no information has ever been disclosed to indicate the probable cause of the submarine's loss, and the authorities have remained conveniently silent about radiation leaks and radioactive contamination. Has it been the silence of guilt or of ignorance?

The mystery of the *Thresher* deepened five years later when another American nuclear-powered submarine, the *Scorpion*, vanished in May 1968. And this second tragedy posed even more questions than the *Thresher* incident.

Scorpion, an attack submarine of the *Skipjack*-class, was returning to Norfolk, Virginia, after a period of service in the Mediterranean. At 0800 on the morning of the 21st, when she was some 250 miles west of the Azores, she transmitted a routine position and progress signal to COMSUBLANT. It was her last recorded contact with the outside world.

When it became clear that she was missing the US Navy mounted a massive search operation but five months were to pass before she was finally located, 460 miles *south-west* of the Azores at a depth of 10,000 feet. Underwater photographs were said to show that her hull was 'virtually intact' and, officially, her loss was attributed to 'unknown causes'. An examination of the known facts, however, suggests that the Pentagon has a shrewd idea of what really happened to the ill-fated submarine.

A good deal of nonsense has been written about this particular disaster because the *Scorpion* sank on the edge of the legendary Sargasso Sea, and inside an area known as the 'Limbo of the Lost'. But leaving such rubbish aside two very puzzling aspects of the tragedy have emerged from the few facts that have been officially released.

The submarine's last reported position was 250 miles west of the Azores. Yet when found she was 400 miles *south*-west of the islands. This hardly seems consistent with her intended destination although there may have been very good reasons why her captain steered south of

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west before resuming his westerly track. Nevertheless this navigational deviation is not without significance. Even if the authorities were aware of the change of course they had no precise knowledge of the time that the submarine sank — or, more correctly, they have not admitted to such knowledge — and by any standard the US Navy achieved a major miracle in finding her at all. For, remember, it had taken more than a month to locate *Thresher* within a *ten square mile* search area.

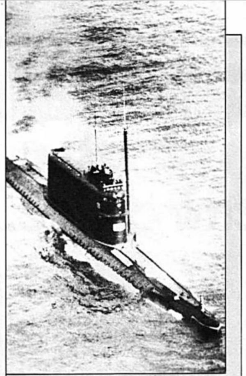
One enterprising writer has even suggested that the Russians had tracked the *Scorpion* via their world-wide surveillance network, and that the Soviet Union had made their information available to Washington so that the position of the missing boat could be pin-pointed. Another even wilder theory suggested that the *Scorpion* was sunk — presumably accidentally — by a Soviet submarine. Both conjectures seem somewhat far-fetched. But are they any more incredible than the fact that the US Navy found the submarine in a search area that covered tens of thousands of square miles?

Equally strange is the official report that the *Scorpion's* hull was virtually intact. *Thresher*, it will be recalled, was found scattered in hundreds of small pieces due, so it was claimed, to the crushing pressure of the sea. But if *Thresher* had been crushed at 8,400 feet why was the *Scorpion* still intact at a depth of 10,000 feet? The reason cannot be attributed to improved hull design because *Thresher* was the more recently built boat. And it cannot be because *Thresher* exploded because the sounds heard over the UQC were described as those of a submarine breaking up and not blowing up. Faced by such inconsistencies it is impossible not to question whether the public has been told the full truth about either sinking. And if not, what are the authorities trying to hide?

The saga of the Russian *Golf*-class submarine that sank in mid-Pacific during the summer of 1968 is perhaps the most bizarre story of all.

It is an undisputed fact that both the Soviet Union and the United States track each other's submarines using air and sea surveillance systems operated from ships, aircraft and satellites, supplemented by static sonar arrays situated on the floors of the world's oceans. On this particular occasion the Americans had tracked a missile-armed submarine from its Vladivostock base to a point some 1,000 miles north-west of Hawaii. It was a routine electronic observation identical in its pattern to many hundreds of similar tracking operations. But, suddenly, something happened that changed the whole ballgame. The surveillance officers detected the faint sound of an explosion. And excitement mounted in the monitoring centre when it was realised that the engine noises had also ceased. There could be no doubt about the meaning of these two interconnected facts. A Russian submarine had blown up somewhere in the vast central Pacific!

Confirmation of the disaster quickly followed when a fleet of Soviet ships descended on the area, and began combing the seabed for the missing boat. But the submarine was lying nearly three miles down and the watching Americans noted with smug satisfaction that when the Russians finally abandoned the search they left the scene empty-handed.



A Russian Golf-class ballistic missile submarine pictured in the Japan Sea. Another in this class sank in mid-Pacific with all hands.

The *Golf*-class boats were conventional diesel driven vessels displacing 2,350 tons in surface trim. They carried a crew of 86 officers and men and were equipped with three ballistic missiles armed with nuclear warheads. By American standards they were old-hat and obsolete, and the US Navy had no interest in them except tactically as potential enemies. The American Government, however, wanted more information about this particular class of boat to strengthen its negotiating position in the forthcoming SALT talks. And when the Navy politely stonewalled all suggestions to bring the submarine to the surface the Pentagon handed the task to the CIA. *Operation Jennifer* — the most fantastic salvage operation of all time was ready for take-off!

The CIA offered Howard Hughes $350,000,000 to recover the submarine. And Hughes accepted without blinking an eyelid. His company, Global Marine Inc, was awarded the formal contract, and work immediately started on two very special and highly secret salvage ships. The *Glomar Explorer*, described as a deep-sea research vessel, was 618 feet in length and, in addition to smaller cranes, was equipped with a 209-foot derrick with a lifting capacity of 800 tons. The second ship, a deep-diving barge some 350 feet long and 160 feet wide, was apparently intended to act as a submerged pontoon during the complicated lifting operation.

The two vessels were completed by the middle of 1972, and set out for the Pacific the following year. By this time the Soviet submarine had been down for over four years, and the original reasons for wanting to inspect its missile armoury had long since passed into history. But undeterred the CIA pushed ahead with the clandestine operation, and the Press was told that the two ships were engaged on survey and exploratory work for a deep-sea mining venture — a story that was readily accepted for Hughes was known to have an interest in underwater prospecting.

Certain 'official' facts were subsequently released by the CIA Press Office, and journalists on both sides of the Atlantic have unearthed other details. But it has proved impossible to discover the truth of this covert salvage operation, and many pressmen suspect that the CIA has deliberately spread disinformation to muddy what were already very murky waters.

According to the CIA account the bodies of 70 Russian sailors were recovered from the wreck but although the *Glomar Explorer* had been equipped with a special refrigerated coffin compartment it was decided to bury the men at sea. A Soviet burial manual was used to conduct the last rites, and a colour film was made of the ceremony to prove that the victims had been laid to rest with due reverence should the Kremlin try to gain a propaganda advantage from the incident. It was also claimed that the whole submarine was raised off the seabed but that, when it reached 8,000 feet, the stern section 'containing the missiles' broke away, and was never recovered.

The details of *Operation Jennifer* make interesting reading — if you believe in the men from UNCLE. But many of the facts which have been made public are extremely suspect. For example, the submarine sank in 16,600 feet of water — almost half as deep again as the *Scorpion*, and twice as deep as the *Thresher*. At such depths the hull would have been completely crushed, and it is very unlikely that, as claimed in the official report, the entire submarine would have remained sufficiently intact to be raised in one piece. By the same token it is improbable that anything recognisable as a human body could have been recoverable. And this, of course, casts doubt on the burial story. Finally, as any naval buff knows, the missile compartment of a *Golf*-class submarine is contained in an extension to the conning-tower amidships. And, unlike comparable American submarines, *no* missiles are carried in the stern section.

If the reports that both the *Scorpion* and the Soviet submarine remained intact are correct there can be little dispute that the *Thresher* must have sunk as a direct result of an explosion — possibly from the ignition of accumulated hydrogen gas from the batteries — a common cause of submarine accidents. But, equally possible is the *im*possible. A nuclear explosion. And certainly the pattern of 'facts' and explanations officially released in respect of all three incidents exhibit all the classic signs of a major cover-up.

Judging by recent disclosures concerning the faulty technology and human errors of the space-shuttle programme, and bearing in mind the history of technical problems suffered by the *Thresher* before her fatal dive, it seems very probable that the two American submarines *and* the *Challenger* shuttle were lost because operational requirements had outstripped contemporary technology. And the American disease — the assumption that advanced computer-aided technology is infallible and that success must be pursued regardless of risk — had claimed three more hapless victims.

At the turn of the century the British Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock used to warn midshipmen serving in his flagship: 'Never sail your boat faster than your brain can think'. Had his advice been followed the crew-members of *Thresher* and *Scorpion* and who knows how many workers at Chernobyl might still be alive.

Christie is now living in Loughton, but beware if you're ever driving around that area. Watch out for her turquoise Golf. 'I'm an awful driver,' she admits. 'On the day I passed my test I went shopping, and smashed my car in the car park. My boyfriend won't get in the car with me, and I always seem to have trouble parking.' But she is a good cook, specially when it comes to Italian dishes, and after a lasagne or spaghetti you'll often find her dancing to keep in shape at *Stringfellows* or *Laceys*. 'I also take classes in ballet and jazz at the Pineapple Studio. I prefer ballet, but I'm not the right build. You shouldn't have any bust.'

Christie, whose Zodiac sign is Aquarius, was born at the London Hospital at Bow in the East End, but the family moved to Plaistow pronounced 'Plar-stow' - when she was only two. There she attended the Grange Road Primary and Infants School until she was 12 and the family moved once more, this time to Redbridge. Then came a less-than-happy four years at the Ursuline Convent in Ilford, Essex. 'I didn't enjoy it at all,' recalls Christie. 'I think that to enjoy that type of school you have to be academic.' So Christie left when she was 16, and as she had enjoyed drama at school, enrolled in the Drama and Dance College at Redbridge.

At college Christie appeared in several dramatic productions, but never seemed to get the chance to show off her sexy 32DD-24-33 figure in roles like Lady MacBeth and the drab Ange in the hilarious Abigail's Party. 'I enjoyed those sort of parts because the characters were unlike the real me.' Luckily for us, Christie followed up her aunt's suggestion she take up modelling. 'This is my first glamour set, and although I was nervous at first I enjoyed it.' Now Christie wants to stay in modelling. She has already appeared in *The Star*, and is hoping to break into the *Page Three* scene.

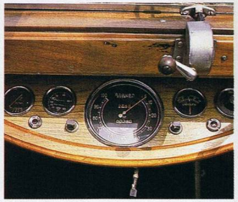
GIRL OF THE MONTH

CHRISTIE LYONS

Brough Superior cars are rare gems indeed. Of the three models produced, just 25 were made of the first and only one of the last. But their scarcity and classic thirties styling make them truly precious

BROUGH DIAMONDS

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland



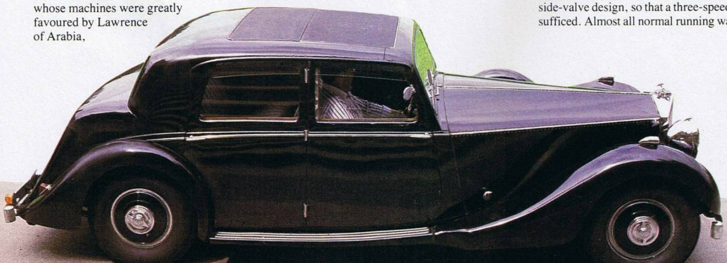
George Brough started producing Brough Superior cars in 1935. Right: A 1937 Brough Superior Atcherley drophead coupé photographed in Woolaton Park. Below: Brough's last model, the V12 4.3-litre saloon with Charlesworth coachwork built in 1938. Above: The dash of a 1935 Brough Superior.

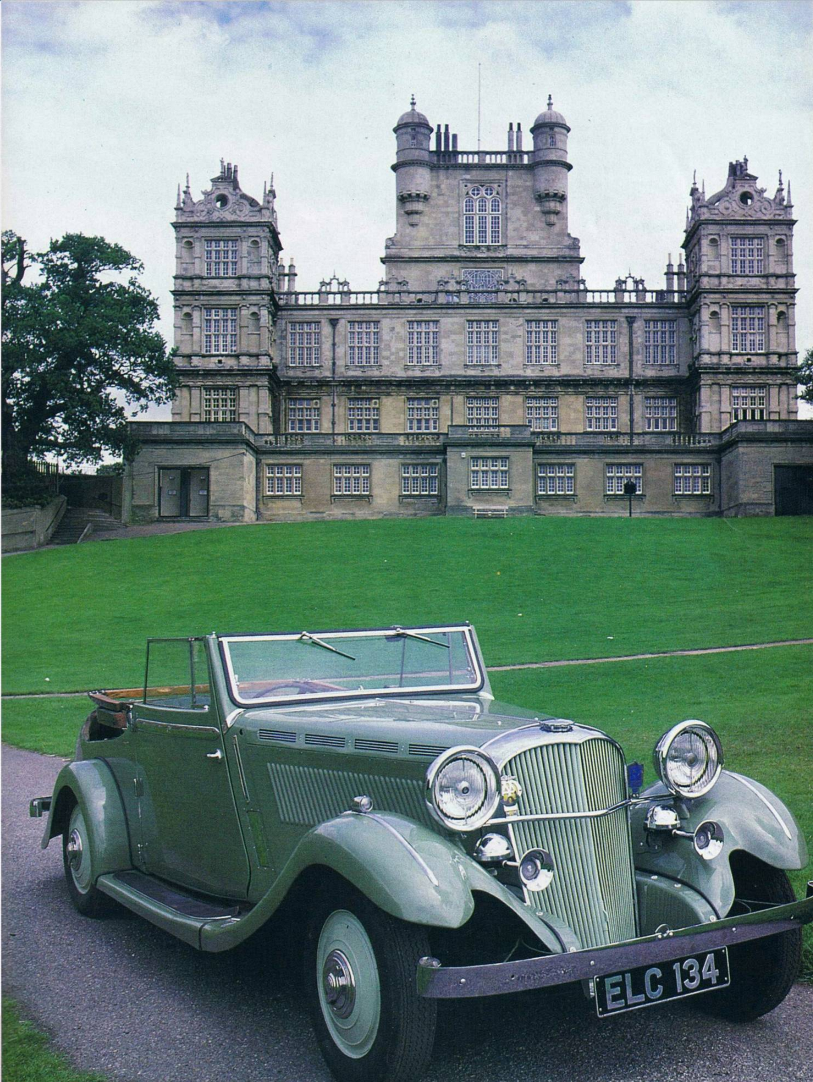
The late George Brough is, perhaps, best known for making excellent motorcycles. Indeed, they earned the slogan of 'The Rolls-Royces of the Two-Wheeler World', and this was a rare distinction, because Rolls-Royce Limited guard their illustrious name and hallmarks very industriously. So when Brough turned his attention to car manufacture, naturally everyone expected a great deal — and were, in the main, well rewarded.

George Brough, son of William Brough who also made interesting motorbikes, rode his own machines to many successes in the trials, speed sprints and races in the days between the two World Wars. At Brooklands many riders followed his example, with the outstanding Barry Baragwanath from Camden Town being Brooklands' fastest Brough rider. In later times, it was Brough Superior outfits, modified in many ways, that held both the solo lap-record, at 124.51 mph, and the difficult sidecar lap-record, at 106.60 mph, tamed by the brave Noel Pope. Even as late as 1939, Eric Fernihough's Brough was the fastest over the flying kilometre at 143.39 mph. It was at one such speed trial at Clipstone, that George Brough on one of his own smartly turned-out motorcycles, made fastest time but came off his mount after a tyre had parted from a wheel-rim. He was quite badly injured, and the legendary character, born in 1890 who rode in his first trial from Land's End to John O'Groats in 1906, and whose machines were greatly favoured by Lawrence of Arabia, gave up competition exploits leaving the riding to others.

In 1935, Brough turned to manufacturing his Brough Superior cars from the same works in Nottingham, arousing much speculation. Already the Railton had established itself as a fast sporting motor-car of comparatively low cost, based on American Hudson components. Now George Brough proposed to take the same road, two years later. There were other makes following this convenient formula but Brough was able to clothe his in a handsome drop-head four-seater coupé body, devised by Atcherley's of Birmingham. He had experimented with Meadows engines but opted for the Hudson theme before production commenced. Whatever the optimism of the advertising of the 1936 Brough Superior, the fact is that most of the car was pure Hudson, as imported inexpensively from the States.

Brough first built an eight-cylinder model, but Railton apparently stopped Hudson from supplying these power-units to Brough, so later he had to settle for their six-cylinder unit. Mark you, that eight-cylinder Brough was a beauty which had even made Rolls-Royce engineers draw in a lot of breath when they dissected one. Clever foundry techniques enabled Hudson to produce an iron, three by four inch bore and stroke, straight-eight 4.2-litre power-unit that was wonderfully light. Its long stroke gave it excellent torque, or pulling power, from a simple side-valve design, so that a three-speed gearbox sufficed. Almost all normal running was done in

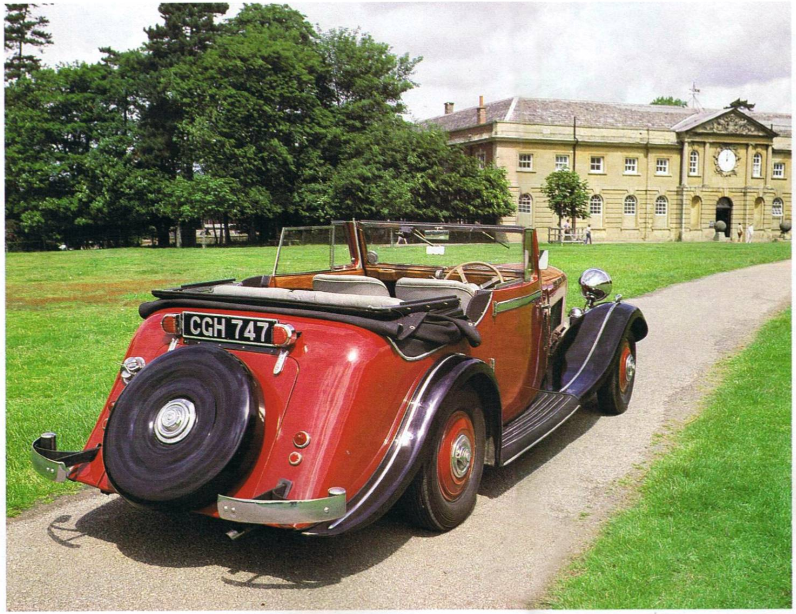


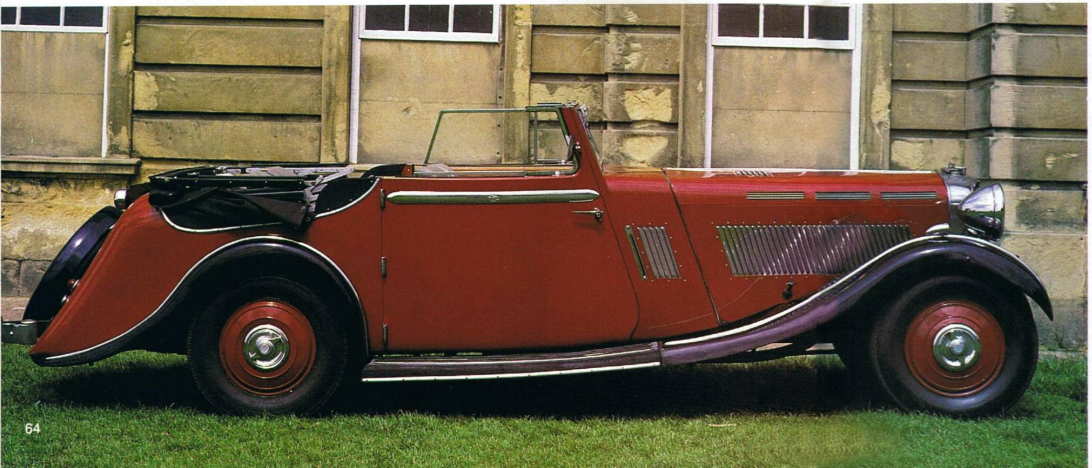


top speed, which was just as well, for this gearbox was not exactly strong. It was no particular disadvantage that engine lubrication was on the dip-and-splash method, and, in fact, these Hudson power-units were noted for a very long life. That was the engine that was used for the first Brough Superiors, a batch of around 25, shown to the Press at Hatfield in May 1935, but discontinued after the ban on the multi-cylinder import.

The rest of the car, bodywork apart, was also mostly Hudson. This included that suspect three-forward-speed gearbox, cable brakes and an early form of independent front suspension of Hudson-Essex concept known as 'Axleflex'. However, Railton had got away very well with a similar adaptation of Hudson components. The six-cylinder Brough Superior that followed the straight-eight had a cylinder capacity of 3½-litres, which did not much detract from the flexible top-gear running or the quite impressive acceleration. For 1936 this six-pot Brough was priced at £665 for the drop-head coupé, £695 for a de-luxe saloon, and £755 for a supercharged version of the coupé. It is doubtful whether many saloons or blown coupés were made.

This represented good value for money at the time, for what was certainly a distinctive-looking and individualistic motor-car. Flowing mudguards, blending with the running-boards then in vogue, plenty of chromium plating, a neat radiator grille and a hood that it was claimed could be raised in two seconds and that stowed away neatly within the body were not to be denied. The interior of the Brough Superior was one of comfort, with a stubby little 'remote-control' central gear-lever, and an oval dashboard mounted so that the driver looked down on the instruments rather than peering forward at them. George had the car's name inscribed on these proprietory dials, fitted twin horns and a spring-spoke steering wheel, and generally gave his cars an air of dignified luxury, which was further endorsed by the notably quiet running of that simple but smooth side-valve Hudson engine.



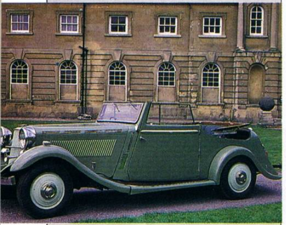


Two pictures left: One of the earliest Brough Superiors. This fine Atcherley drophead coupé was built in 1935. It has an eight-cylinder, 4-litre Hudson engine. Above: The interior of the 1937 Atcherley seen earlier. Two small pictures below: The Brough Superior Alpine Sports built in 1936 in answer to the sporting success of Brough's rivals, Railton. Its 3½-litre engine gave it a top speed of just under the magic ton, but it was popular with enthusiasts.

I had a bit of a go in a six-cylinder Brough in 1936, when I used it to take the current bird to a trial down in Gloucestershire. First, we were delayed because the clutch withdrawal mechanism broke. We also ran out of petrol, and although the instruction book noted a reserve-tap, how was I to know it was hidden beneath the floor of the boot? The girl had to spend the night in the motor, and I was rather annoyed when an early-morning milkman tapped on the door, saying he thought we might have been taken ill. He gave us petrol in the lid of a milk churn, no doubt making several of his customers sick for some time thereafter. Later we stuck on a muddy hill, and it cost 12½p to tow us out. Finally, we hit black ice on the run back to London, and were thumbed by a motorcyclist who had crashed there on. We took him aboard, and politely asked what he had been riding. 'A Brough Superior', he said, adding, 'and what car is this?' When we told him he clearly thought he was delirious.

But despite my unfortunate experience, that Brough Superior is remembered as not at all a bad car, and as the Railton was earning quite a reputation as a sports-car, George decided to compete. He brought out the Alpine Grand Sports, a name applied to one of his faster motorcycles. The idea was that this stark job would be specially tuned by the great Freddie Dixon. I believe only three were made. It was a very exciting-looking proposition, with fixed cycle-type mudguards, and a 21.6 hp-rated (3,455 cc) side-valve engine, still by grace of Hudson, was boosted by a low-pressure Centric supercharger. Tested in 1936, this £845 sports-job did 94 mph, and accelerated from 0-to-60 mph in 19.8 seconds. A 3.56-to-1 axle ratio permitted a maximum of just over 70 mph in middle gear. Unladen, the Alpine weighed 21 cwt, and it used 6.50 x 16 tyres. It was estimated that in blown form the engine poked out 140 bhp. With a compression-ratio of around 7-to-1, and

> **‘The Brough Superior offered flowing lines, a neat radiator grille, plenty of chrome and a hood that, they claimed, could be raised in two seconds. Top speed was in the nineties . . .’**



the boost, an aluminium head still called for anti-knock fuel. In comparison, the 28.8 hp Railton Light Spórts Tourer cost £878, was just able to exceed 100 mph, and did 0-to-60 mph in exactly the same time as the Alpine Brough. Given a clear track the latter might well have done the magic ‘ton’. The Light Sports Railton weighed only a shade over 19½ cwt, and with the 4,168 cc straight-eight-cylinder Hudson motor, it pulled a 3.6-to-1 top gear, with the same size tyres as the Brough.

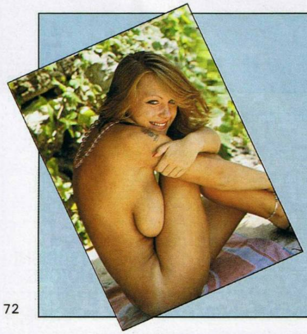
But George Brough hadn’t finished yet, because late in 1936 he got busy on a new model, using the Lincoln Zephyr vee-twelve-cylinder engine, a very useful, inexpensive, smooth-running Ford power-pack. Rumour has it that this Brough pioneered electric chassis-welding, using large-diameter tubes, and a very smart body by Charlesworth of Coventry was prepared for it. It seems probable that only one car was made to this specification, which included seats adjustable for height, a particularly low roof and chassis line, and a polished bulkhead between engine and body. If it had gone into production, at the intended prices of £850 for the V12 engine and chassis, and £1,250 for the handsome four-door saloon, which was off-set by a new radiator grille, the demand might have been considerable, although Jaguar competition would have been hard to crack. As it was, this was the Brough Superior swan-song. The remaining example is carefully preserved by that keen collector of these cars, Peter Beynon.

The Brough Superior was but one of several British cars that used American engines, others like the Allard, Railton, Batten etc being less refined than George Brough’s concept. The war ended the great motorcyclist’s car-manufacturing ambitions, but it is fitting that he then did precision engineering for Rolls-Royce aero-engines during the war, at his father’s old factory in Vernon Road, Nottingham, rushing the vital war-supplies about the country in his eight-cylinder Brough Superior car. It is even said that he was permitted to use unblacked-out headlamps when doing these journeys at night. George died in 1970, at the age of 80 — a true sportsman who also understood style.

For further information about his cars contact
Barrie McKenzie, Secretary of
the Railton Owners Club,
‘Fairmiles’, Barnes Hall Road,
Burncross, Sheffield.

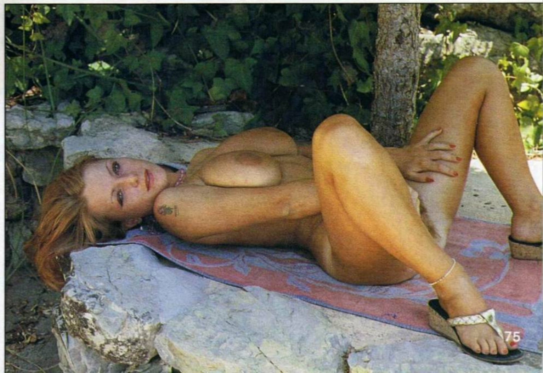
Top left and top right: Two views of the 1935 Brough Superior Atcherley built in 1935. These eight-cylinder models were made until 1936 when just the six-cylinder version was produced. Even so, it had a spectacular performance for its day, with a top speed over 90 mph, and a 0-to-60 time of around 12 seconds. Below: Another example of the 4.2 litre, eight-cylinder car, also made in 1935. Near left: Another view of the Charlesworth-bodied Brough Superior V12. This is the only one ever built, the company folding shortly after its construction. Its Alvis-like appearance is no coincidence. Charlesworth designed the bodies for both. Far left: Another shot of the 1937 six-cylinder Atcherley at Woolaton.

VICKI



It sounds like every growing schoolboy's dream — a sweetshop with a tanned and curvaceous assistant behind the counter. Yet one exists, and the lady in question is 22-year-old Vicki Patterson. She's not saying exactly whereabouts in the city of York the shop is — her 37-24-36 figure has too many young fans already — but those with a sweet tooth could have a highly enjoyable, if fattening time, looking. In the meantime — sweet dreams.

'You can always tell when the boys are growing up,' Vicki told us. 'They start asking for the Mars bars and Milky Ways at the front of the counter, knowing I have to lean forward to get them.' In summer, she wears a nylon overall with little underneath, it's a trick many adults might emulate. 'To be honest, I rather like the attention,' Vicki said with an inviting smile.



Meanwhile the ladies
are not only envious of a figure
that has grown men
buying toffees by the pound,
they're curious how
a Yorkshire lass can keep such
a healthy tan.
'Frequent foreign holidays
like this Spanish photo-session,
and a friend's sunbed,'
is her reply. All we know is
that Vicki is now as irresistible
as those halfpenny chews
of our youth.

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY RANDALL
DE LIMA

TANIA

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Said the gay tennis coach, Quinton Peers,
To the girls on the court, 'Now, my dears,
You may think it odd of me,
But I'm tired of sodomy.
From now on it's ladies.' (*Loud cheers!*)

Feeling unwell, a young man went to his doctor, and received some startling news. 'I'm afraid,' said the GP, 'that you only have six months to live, Mr James.'

'Six months!' exclaimed the young man. 'Is that all? Whatever shall I do?'

'Well if I were you,' replied the doctor thoughtfully, 'I'd go to Birmingham, find yourself a middle-aged Brummie lady, marry her, and go and live in Wolverhampton.'

'Will that help?'

'In a way,' said the doctor, 'it'll make it seem like a lifetime . . .'

Great Quotes of Our Times
The effect of baldness on virility is one of the great talking points wherever men with thinning pates can be found. Perhaps the best comment on the subject comes from Cedric Hardwicke. Asked if baldness improved sexual potency, he replied. 'Possibly, but it gives a man far fewer chances of proving it.'

A lady purchased a parrot from a pet shop for her husband's birthday. As she paid the shop owner, he warned her that the bird had come from the local brothel, so it might say the wrong thing.

Slightly unnerved, she brought the parrot home, and put it on the table. Immediately the parrot piped up, 'New home, new madame.' This didn't concern her too much, so she left the bird there.

Half an hour later, her daughters walked in, and the parrot looked up and squawked, 'New home, new madame, new girls.' Its new owner was a little surprised but left the parrot ready for her husband to return home.

At half past five, her husband walked in. 'George,' said his wife. 'Happy birthday. Look what I've got you . . .' So saying she took him to see the parrot. Immediately, it looked up with a gleam in its eye. 'Wwwwwkkk,' it cried. 'New home, new madame, new girls, but same old George!'

Gerry and his wife Fiona had held one of their famous dinner parties which, as ever, was a great success with everyone too drunk to drive home. In fact, the house was so full of recumbent, inebriate bodies, that Gerry's friend Giles had to share their bed with them. All three slept well until 3am when Fiona woke up feeling a little horny. Unable to reach Gerry, she whispered in Giles' ear.

'Look, Gerry is asleep, how about you and I having some fun?'

Giles was surprised.

'Are you sure he's asleep?' he asked cautiously.

'Of course, look,' she said, and leaned over Giles, and with a sharp tug pulled a hair from Gerry's bottom. He didn't even flinch.

'Okay then,' agreed Giles, and climbed aboard for a quickie.

'That was terrific,' said Fiona afterwards. 'Let's do it again.'

'Are you sure?' asked Giles anxiously. 'What if he wakes up?'

'He won't. Look.' And with that Fiona pulled another hair from Gerry's bottom to no effect. So Giles rode her once again to a climax.

Still Fiona wasn't satisfied, and suggested a third attempt, but as she did Gerry rolled over until his mouth was level with Giles' ear.

'Look, Giles,' Gerry mumbled sleepily. 'I don't really mind you banging my wife. But for God's sake will you tell her to stop using my arse as a scoreboard.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

A man walked into a tattoo parlour with a large sign outside proudly announcing, 'We tattoo anything anywhere.'

'Excuse me,' he asked. 'Can I have my name tattooed on my testicles?'

'Certainly, sir,' replied the tattooist. 'I'll get my ball-point pen.'

How can you tell a real macho man?
He jogs home from his own vasectomy.

Flying first class to Los Angeles, a businessman full of free food and champagne had to use the toilet in a hurry. Scurrying back he found that the gents was engaged, but being desperate, he asked the stewardess if he could use the ladies.

'Yes, sir,' she replied. 'However, remember that there are services in there purely for lady passengers. Don't touch the buttons marked WW, PP or ATR.'

The businessman agreed, and went in. However, having done what was necessary, his curiosity got the better of him, and as he sat there, he nervously pushed the button labelled WW. To his surprise, warm water sprayed between his legs.

Emboldened, he decided to press the PP button as well. As he did so, a powder puff gently patted him on the bottom, applying liberal quantities of sweet-smelling talc. Amused by this pampering, he decided that he should complete the first class treatment by pressing the button emblazoned ATR. Still smiling he pushed it, suddenly felt a searing pain, and blacked out.

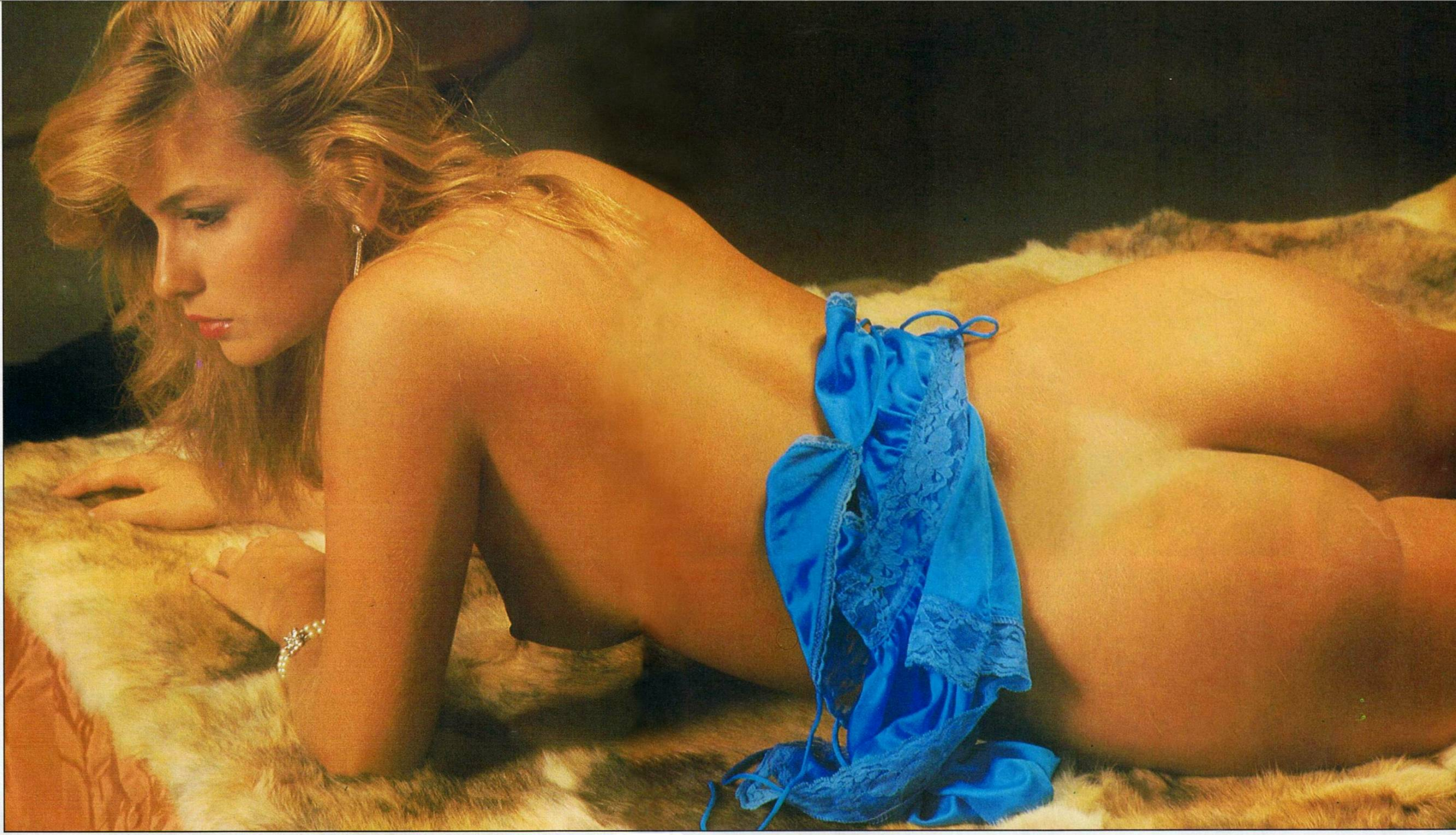
He woke up in hospital, and immediately asked the nurse what had happened.

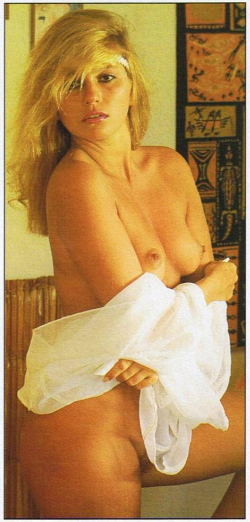
'From what we gather you were in the ladies toilet and pressed the WW, PP and ATR buttons,' she explained. 'You had the warm water and the powder, then you fainted.'

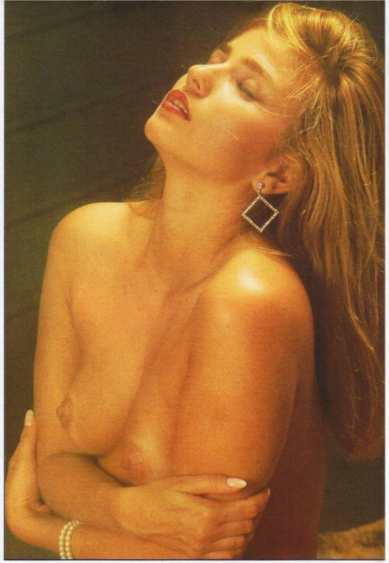
'I know, why?'

'ATR stands for Automatic Tampon Removal,' she said. 'By the way, your penis is on the pillow.'

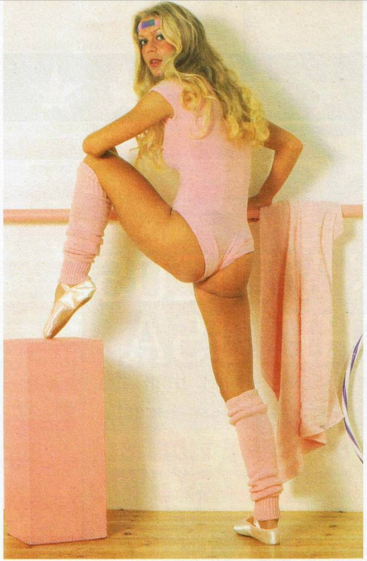
At the age of five, Tania Harris fell out of her parents' rowing boat off Bournemouth, and swore she'd never go near the sea again. Now, at the age of 19, she has a boat of her own, and regularly sails from her home in Poole to the scene of the accident without so much as a thought. In short, despite an inauspicious start, Tania rules the waves. 'I started taking an interest again when I was 15, and love the water now.'







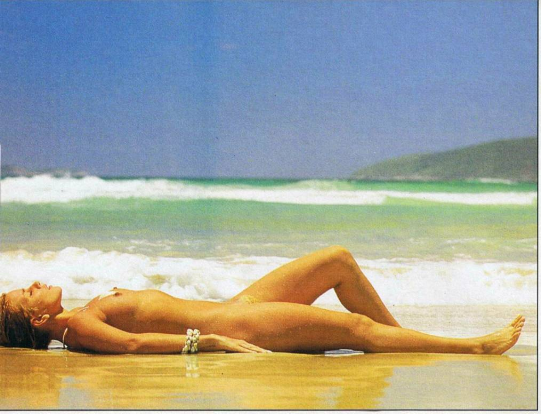
'Last year Daddy bought me my own little dinghy. It's no floating gin palace, but there's room for a friend and a bottle of white wine.' But Tania's boat is not really big enough to allow her to stretch out her 34-23-33 figure. She likes the beaches of Bournemouth and abroad for that. Besides, even at its hottest, Poole doesn't allow much of a chance to strip off. 'I have sailed topless before now,' she grins wickedly.

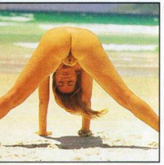


Madeleine

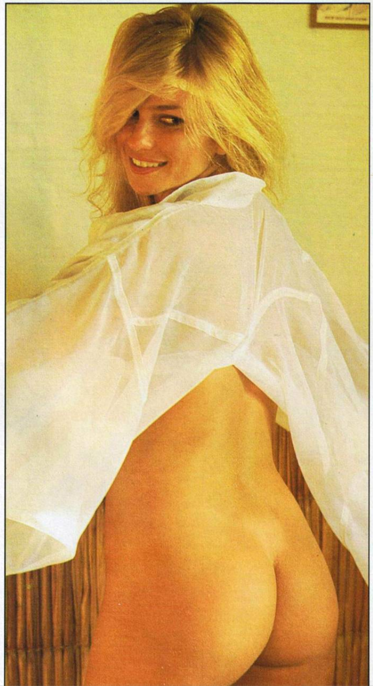
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAG OHRLUND

It's strange how one always pines for what one cannot have. When Madeleine Webb started growing into the five foot eight inch, 36-24-35 stunner you see before you, was she happy? No. In fact, she burst into tears. Why? Because at that age Madeleine had set her heart on being a ballet dancer. 'I grew too tall too quickly,' she said, 'and for a few months there was no consoling me.' Even the admiring glances of men who had no idea of her ambition failed to cheer her up. Now, though, at 21, she has learned to live with her 'misfortune', and has even grown to relish all the attention her looks attract.

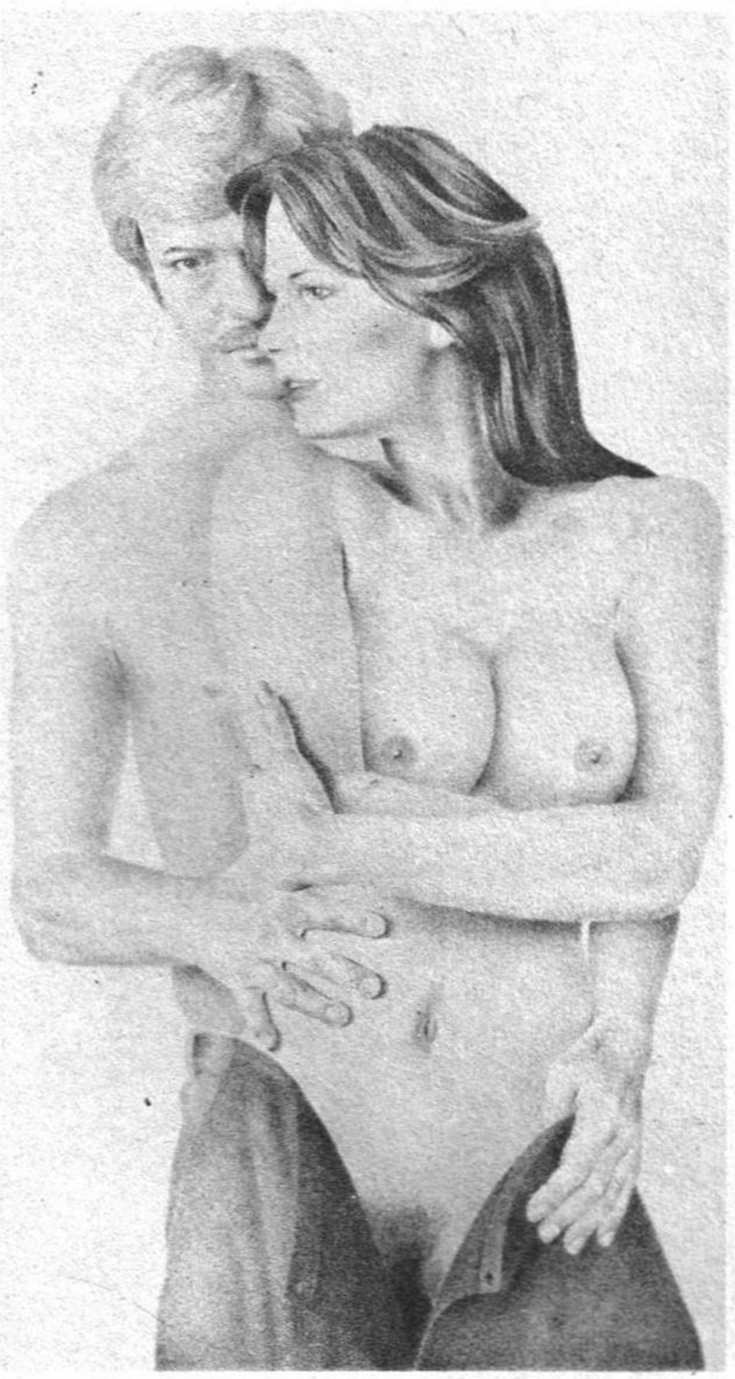




She adds, however, 'It's too dangerous — those sheets rub everywhere.' In fact her first topless voyage resulted in a very sore right nipple. 'I was changing a sail when the wind caught it and hit me in the boob.' Tania works as a computer operator for a small travel firm.



Tania is no hi-tech whizz kid. 'I know the difference between a ROM and a RAM but that's about all.' For those who don't, she provides the answer. 'A ROM is a read-only memory, and a RAM is a randy sales rep,' she replied. Are they? 'I'm not telling. I might need a crew sometime.'



QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Eighteen

To prove the strength of a relationship, women often set their men tasks, usually sexual in nature and sometimes unknown to the man. Continuing our investigation, we talk to three such women

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

NURSE, 25 years old, blonde, town of origin Stratford-upon-Avon

This interviewee joined the private sector after training, and worked in the Gulf. She is now part of a community health clinic in the Home Counties. She shares a flat with her boyfriend.

Quest: How important is a challenge to you in a sexual situation?

Nurse: I love dares — I'm not safe if anyone dares me to do anything.

Quest: Like what?

Nurse: The last serious time was in the Gulf. There was a man we all knew — a friend actually. Very attractive but a bit fey. Everyone assumed he was gay, though I thought he was just shy. Someone dared me to prove it.

Quest: And were you right about this man?

Nurse: Yes!

Quest: How did you prove it?

Nurse: I called round for him for a date deliberately early, when he was still in the shower. I offered to scrub his back — and ended scrubbing his front as well. We never got round to our date! I was even worse when I was younger — when I was first on the wards.

Quest: What happened there?

Nurse: The worst concerned a houseman called Mark. He was extremely good looking. Half the women in the hospital wet their knickers whenever he appeared. But he was a complete chauvinist, only interested in screwing as many girls as possible.

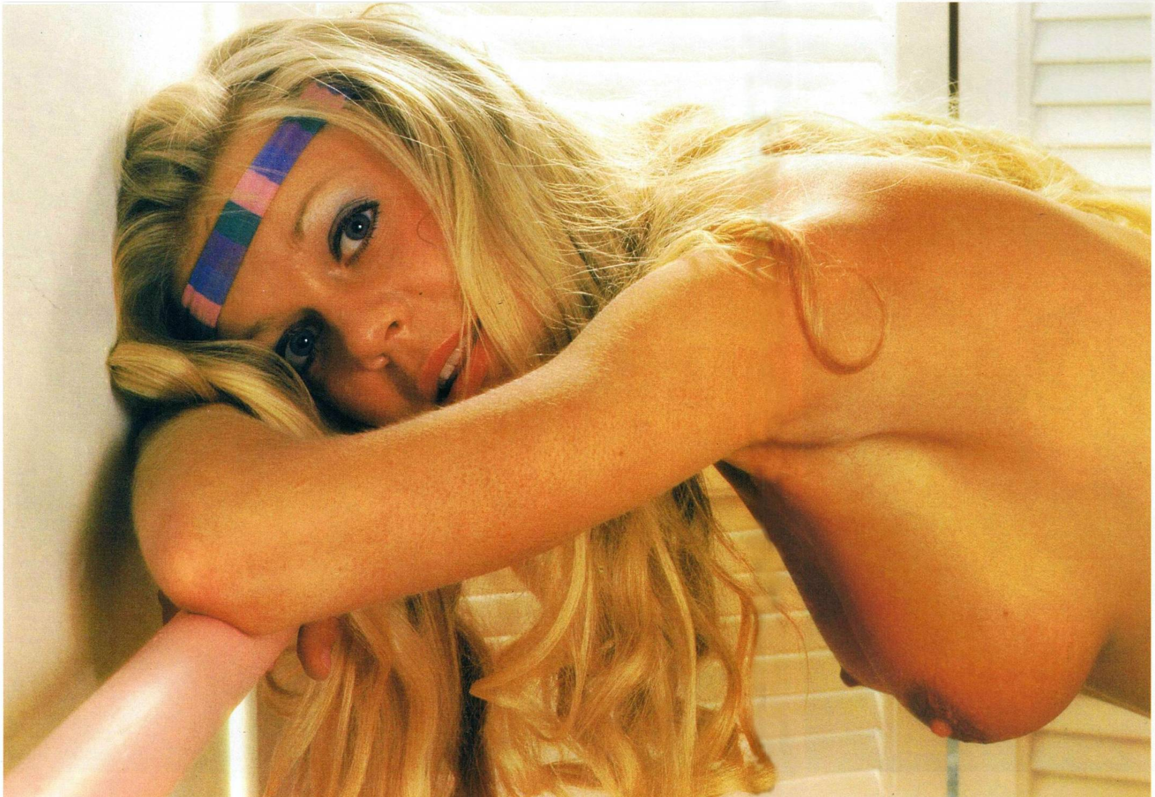
Quest: Were you one of them?

Nurse: He asked me out in my first week, but I was involved with a boyfriend so I turned him down. Not rudely, but he was foul to me after that. Apparently *no one* turned Mark down. Later I was glad I did. A good friend of mine — Mary — slept with him, and everything was hearts and flowers for about four days. Then she arrived at his flat for a date, and found him in bed with a second year nurse. And *he* was angry at *Mary* for not confirming the date in advance!

Quest: So you decided to get revenge?

Nurse: Mary did. Mark broke his leg playing rugby, and his parents had money so he wangled his own room in the private wing. Mary thought up this plan with a girl researcher Mark had also jumped on and left. The idea was that the researcher would make an official request for

However, she still hasn't quite got the dancing bug out of her system. Whilst entrechats and pirouettes may be long forgotten dreams, she still practises vigorous routines in a dance studio in Manchester. 'It keeps me in trim for the disco,' she claimed, 'and I have danced in local amateur shows.' In fact, she even sent up her childhood ambition when she appeared in a cod ballet routine wearing leotard, tutu, and would you believe green rubber waders? Her colleagues at the superstore where she works handling customer enquiries were most impressed. Normally her taste in clothes is more conventional, but very noticeable. 'I love tight-fitting clothes,' she said. 'And, of course, men stop to watch my bottom as I walk along.'



sperm samples from healthy men Mark's age. Mary would get Mark to agree to the request, insist on giving him a helping hand — and at the crucial moment I'd burst in with a Polaroid!

Quest: How did you know he'd agree?

Nurse: We didn't, but Mark had this reputation for being well-endowed, and very proud of it. Nothing would please him more than having his penis stroked by a pretty girl — especially if it was supposed to be for 'official' reasons. Afterwards we'd have copies made of the picture and stick them round the nurse's home with 'Warning: this weapon is dangerous to your health' written on it!

Quest: You agreed to go along with this?

Nurse: I was chary — we could easily have been thrown out — until Mary dared me to. So that was that! We organised it for late one evening when we were both on night duty. It was usually quiet then and the ward sister often went off for a late dinner. Mary got her 'official' request form, and as soon as sister had gone she popped into Mark's room. Five minutes passed, and there wasn't a sound, so I pushed open the door.

Quest: What did you see?

Nurse: Mark snapping back the bedsheet, blushing fiercely, and Mary standing over him looking peeved. I slipped the camera onto a chair, and asked in my best bedside manner how everything was coming along. 'I'm afraid Dr Smith (name changed) doesn't seem to be up to it,' Mary frowned, and whipped the sheet back again. I must admit it was a refreshing change to see Mark embarrassed. Curled up below his hospital smock was what seemed to me a limp, fairly normal sized penis — hardly the monster I'd expected. 'Oh, we'd expected bigger things of you, Dr Smith,' I said. Mary stiffled a giggle and Mark looked really annoyed. Then Mary pulled me aside.

Quest: To say what?

Nurse: She whispered that he hadn't let her touch him, and she didn't think it was going to work. Then there was a grunt from Mark, and we looked back.

Quest: Go on.

Nurse: He was enormous! This thick red blue-veined *tree trunk* was suddenly sticking up from his groin!

Quest: Was he masturbating?

Nurse: He was gripping himself just under the crown, trying to hide himself as much as anything else, I think. I felt my tummy turn over.

Quest: You were excited?

Nurse: I was aware that we weren't being terribly professional. Mary went bright red. Then of course the buzzer sounded.

Quest: Meaning what?

Nurse: A patient wanting something. Mary swore and dashed out, nodding toward the camera. Mark said, 'Can I have the phial or whatever? I think I'm ready.'

Quest: Did you pick up the camera?

Nurse: I should have. Instead I said, 'Why couldn't you manage that when Mary was here?' Mark just laughed. 'Perhaps you do more for me,' he said, and gave me an old-fashioned look. 'But you never let me find out, did you?' So I said, 'We could always find out now if you like.' I thought he'd fall out of bed!

Quest: You were inviting him to have sex. Was this a spur of the moment decision?

Nurse: More or less. But I'd always found him attractive, and he couldn't have made it more obvious what he felt about me.

Quest: What about the risk of discovery.

Nurse: I never said I was being sensible! I knew the sister wouldn't be back for a good half hour, and there was only one other patient in the wing.

Quest: What did you do?

Nurse: I turned down the lights and pulled a screen round the bed, and behind it I slipped off my knickers and tights. Then I went round Mark's side. I told him to shift over — he could only move a few inches because of his leg cast — and I slid onto the bed beside him.

Quest: What was Mark's reaction?

Nurse: You mean, apart from an even broader grin? He reached up, and put his hand on my breast. I bent down, and we gave each other a long, lingering kiss. Then his hand reached down under my uniform. I remember the way his breathing changed when he realised he was touching my bare bottom! That disposed of any doubts I might have had. He was gasping when he came up for air, and I could feel his erection prodding into my thigh. That was when I moved my hand down and touched him.

Quest: What did you do then?

Nurse: I moved closer and whispered in his ear, 'Why don't you see if I'm wet enough yet?' I felt his penis jump in my hand! I don't think he'd realised how far I wanted to go. His expression was a picture. He was obviously completely unused to girls making the running. He didn't know whether his pride was hurt — or if he cared anyway! Then his eyes dropped down my uniform again, and I got the sort of look you can't mistake.

> 'I'd never had sex with a man I disliked so much as a person. I hoisted my uniform and straddled him'

Quest: The go-ahead?

Nurse: Oh definitely. I could do what I liked as long as I let him have me.

Quest: Did that appeal to you?

Quest: I don't think I've ever been so turned on. I'd never gone to bed with anyone I disliked so much as a person, but still fancied hugely. I didn't feel any need to be ladylike or reasonable. I just grabbed! I hoisted my uniform skirt up to my waist, and straddled his thighs just behind his erection. I reached down, and grasped Mark's hands and pulled them round either side of his penis onto my bare pubes. Then I pressed his fingers into my pubic hair, right up against my lips and told him to 'Play with me!'

Quest: Did he?

Nurse: Yes — beautifully — sliding his fingertips up and down my lips, teasing out my clitty, stroking it until my head spun. It was unbelievable bliss. I don't know what turned me on more — what *he* was doing, or the fact that *I* was controlling this gorgeous man!

Quest: Did you do anything?

Nurse: I put both my hands round his penis, and pulled his foreskin slowly up and down, giving him the sexiest, most smouldering look I could imagine. I wanted to be so cool, so smooth that he would be absolutely screaming for it when the moment arrived. Then I could just *deign* to let him do me.

Quest: Were you cool?

Nurse: No! We both started panting and gasping. Mark was groaning, 'Christ, I want you — God, I must — I must —' which only made me pull his cock harder, until it gave a really violent twitch, and it finally dawned on me he was going to spurt in my hands if I wasn't careful.

Quest: Weren't you ready for intercourse?

Nurse: I was moist enough. Mark was actually pumping at least one finger in and out of my pussy. I was just greedy. I wanted to enjoy it a bit longer. Then I panicked, and in my fuddled state thought I could slow him down by getting him to eat me. So I let go of him, and slid up his body and squatted over his face.

Quest: Did he like that?

Nurse: He was a bit surprised! He grabbed my thighs, and began to tongue my pussy, pushing his face into my crotch. But then he either lost patience or decided he couldn't hold back any more. He started pushing me back down his body, whispering, 'Please — I can't hang on —' And he shoved me back onto his erection.

Quest: Did you climax?

Quest: Mark went off first. But as he finished he didn't seem to get limp so I pumped myself up and down his shaft and I think I came on his last spurt. But the worst moment was when we heard footsteps and I had to leap and cover myself. But no one appeared.

Quest: Did you repeat the experience?

Nurse: No — mainly because I picked up the Polaroid, and snapped Mark as he lay there all limp and exhausted! We didn't actually dare do anything with the picture.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

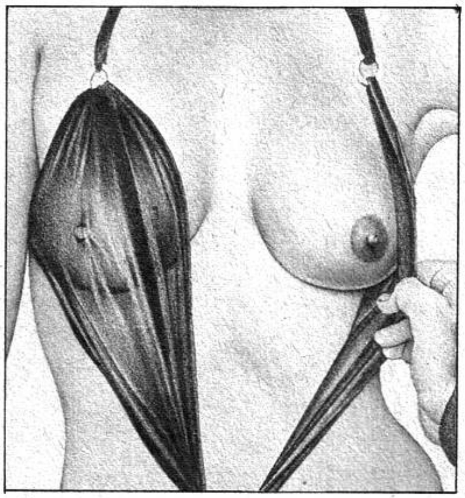
SALES DEMONSTRATOR, 24 years old, redhead, town of origin Carlisle

This interviewee trained as a beautician though she later worked in the travel trade. She lives with a man friend, and has a four-year-old child.

Quest: Are you aware of setting challenges for prospective lovers?

Demonstrator: My first real boyfriend — my daughter's father — always said I'd only sleep with him the first few times when he'd got me so drunk I was too stupefied to know what was happening.

Quest: Is that true?
Demonstrator: I've got a very good head for drink! But he was right in a way.
Quest: Didn't you like him?
Demonstrator: I liked him. I fancied him a lot. But I was always wary of men.
Quest: Why?
Demonstrator: The easy answer is, because of my bust. You must have noticed, it's not exactly small. My mother made me worse by getting me to cover it up all the time. She assumed, I suppose, that's all men would see in me. And she was right in a lot of cases — but it did make me nervous about sex.
Quest: Didn't your first boyfriend help you to overcome those feelings?
Demonstrator: He made me see I'd been too cautious. The irony was the only time we didn't take precautions I got pregnant. Then, of course, he did his vanishing trick. After that I was terrified of having intercourse with anybody.
Quest: But you still went out with men?
Demonstrator: Yes, but I made it clear I wouldn't go all the way with them.
Quest: Did they accept that?
Demonstrator: Most of them regarded it as a challenge! It was worst when I was a courier in Spain. I was in a singles hotel where everyone was chasing everyone else. It was very hard not to seem odd.
Quest: How did you cope?
Demonstrator: I've never been keen on oral sex. Licking is alright, but I don't like the idea of someone doing it in my mouth. So I used to concentrate on my boobs, which most men liked.
Quest: What did you do exactly?
Demonstrator: I'd just let them fondle me, which I liked too, and if they got too excited I'd either bring them off in my hand or massage their erections between my boobs, and let them come off there. They were all convinced I was a virgin.
Quest: Didn't you find that unsatisfactory?
Demonstrator: I was excited by what I did. I didn't have wild orgasms, but I never had any with my first boyfriend either. And I never met anyone I wanted to go further with — until Paul.
Quest: Why was he so different?
Demonstrator: He wasn't — at first. We were introduced at a party, and I thought he was attractive, but I didn't think he liked me particularly. He was two years younger than me, and I just assumed he'd want something more than a beautician with big boobs. Then he rang me and asked me out.
Quest: So he did fancy you?
Demonstrator: I wasn't sure! We got on very well, but I had the feeling he was treating me as a chum rather than a girlfriend. Then he went back to college, and suddenly invited me to a student ball over one weekend. With anyone else my first question would have been about the sleeping arrangements, but I honestly thought I'd be safe with Paul. Shows how wrong you can be!
Quest: What happened!
Demonstrator: I must admit I dressed to kill. Full length, strapless gown, plenty of cleavage — and the ball was fantastic. Afterwards Paul took me to my room — it was a guest bedroom in a hall of residence. Paul had his arm round me, and I was sure he was going to kiss me, so I let him come in, and show me where everything was. Then as we were standing facing each other by the bed, very nervously Paul leaned forward and pecked me on the lips.
Quest: Did you respond?



Demonstrator: I over-responded, I think. I said, 'Oh, is that all I'm going to get?' I meant a proper wet kiss, and a moment later we were into a lovely tight embrace. But then Paul started to act very excited, pushing his mouth down really hard on mine, reaching up to cup my breast. He thought I wanted *everything*.
Quest: But you didn't?
Demonstrator: I was pleased I'd finally got through to him. For all I knew he could have been sleeping with half a dozen girls while I'd known him, and he'd only just got round to me.
Quest: So what did you do?
Demonstrator: I didn't want to upset him. I suppose I thought I could test his real feelings by making things difficult for him. I just told him we had plenty of time. So we sat down on the bed, and of course we started kissing again, and rolled back onto the mattress.

> ‘As soon as the catches on my gown were undone, there was nothing left to hold up the front . . .’

Quest: Was he still touching your breasts?
Demonstrator: He began fondling them again through my gown, which was boned at the front in a built-in bra, but that didn't stop it feeling very nice indeed.
Quest: You didn't think of taking if off?
Demonstrator: No, because I would have been bare to the waist.
Quest: But you'd allowed menfriends to see and fondle your breasts before?
Demonstrator: But only if it had meant either doing that or something much worse. Paul was more special.
Quest: So you simply lay there?
Demonstrator: He kept undoing more and more of the catches down my back, going on at me to go further — not nastily, just saying how nice it would be. He was *very* turned on. I could feel a bulge in his fly, pushing against my hip.
Quest: Were *you* turned on?
Demonstrator: Oh yes. That was the worst part of it, because as soon as the catches on my gown were undone there was nothing to hold the front up, and Paul was able to slip his fingers inside onto my breasts. Then he could feel how stiff my nipples were, and know how excited I was. Finally it was getting stupid. My gown was going to end up bundled round my waist. So I told Paul to put the light out. Then I got up and took the gown off.
Quest: Leaving you topless?
Demonstrator: Yes. It wasn't completely dark so Paul could see me. His eyes dropped straight down onto my boobs and were like saucers. I must admit it was a nice reaction. He whispered, 'You're absolutely beautiful —' Then his hands came up, scooping each breast, stroking and fondling it, and as his head came down he began kissing and licking me, squeezing and teasing my nipples.
Quest: How did you react?
Demonstrator: I nearly came on the spot! If he'd just thrown me on the bed, and had me I couldn't have lifted a finger to stop him.
Quest: But he didn't?
Demonstrator: He just kept asking me to let him, and of course the more he did the easier it got to say no. Then we kissed again and fell back onto the bed, and we started to undress — not all at once — but between kissing and fondling me. He got my slip off, and started to pull down my knickers but I wouldn't let him. So he slipped his fingers down the front instead — I told him not to do that either! But he kept coming back, pushing further and further down into my pubic hair until he was touching my pussy. Then I did object — mainly because he could feel how wet I was, and I would have lost all control if he'd kept stroking me there. So he just touched me through my knickers — not that it made much difference. I was so damp they finished up twisted together between my legs with most of my bottom peeping out the back.
Quest: He seems to have been remarkably compliant.
Demonstrator: He was! I was awful to him, really. When he got down to his underpants I refused to let him take them off. His erection was poking up through them. I don't know how he held himself back.
Quest: Did you want him to?
Demonstrator: I did and I didn't. It would obviously have been easiest if he'd just *made* me do it.
Quest: Are you sure there wasn't a strong element of teasing in all this?
Demonstrator: I'm not a tease normally — but it must have turned me on more than usual or things wouldn't have ended the way they did.
Quest: How was that?
Demonstrator: We started our final embrace. Until then we'd been lying side by side, and Paul had been caressing me through my knickers or stroking my breasts or both. But as we kissed he seemed to get much more passionate. I suddenly realised he was turning me onto my back, sliding between my legs. I really thought this was it — he was going to do it to me — I had this great surge of panic and excitement. I even tried to protest and push him away. But he simply forced my arms back against the mattress, and jammed his crotch against mine, so I could feel the length of his erection hard and warm against my pussy. Then he began to hump me.
Quest: Weren't you both still wearing pants?
Demonstrator: Yes! For a mad moment I couldn't understand why I couldn't feel him in me. Then I realised he was humping me *through* our underclothes. He was rubbing his penis up and down the *outside* of my pussy, and all his

pressure was against my clitoris. He just went on and on, harder and harder, my boobs slapping against his chest, as if we really were screwing, and with the most incredible sensations getting stronger and stronger in my pussy. And then it happened, like lightning in my head. The most unbelievable feeling of pleasure and release. I was just clinging to Paul and sobbing, and it was only when I felt his erection jerking againt my tummy and this wetness spreading I realised he'd come too. Then I felt dreadful because *I'd* had so much pleasure and not let *him* do the same. So I was kissing him and apologising desperately.

Quest: Did he accept your apology?

Demonstrator: He said it was marvellous anyway, but I pulled off my sopping knickers and then told him to lie back. I peeled off his pants, and began to lick him and stroke him until his penis was as stiff as it was before. Then I lay down and insisted he put it inside me and just do it.

Quest: Did he?

Demonstrator: He humped me just as fiercely as before but wouldn't let go until he'd made me climax again. It was even more beautiful, feeling him come inside me. We've been together ever since.

Quest: He'd passed your test?

Demonstrator: Oh he'd pass any test I could think of — in bed anyway!

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

SHOP OWNER, 32 years old, brunette, town of origin Weston-Super-Mare

This interviewee married at 23 and was divorced four years later. She re-married at 28, and now has a three-year-old son. She co-owns a small antiques business.

Quest: Do you find the idea of setting a man a challenge to gain your favours a romantic one?

Owner: I did once. I remember two boys literally fighting to take me out when I was eighteen, and it excited me enormously. Now I think it shows there's something wrong somewhere.

Quest: Was there anything wrong with you?

Owner: I had totally unrealistic views of love and romance until my divorce. I was also very selfish. I'd dream up all sorts of good reasons to justify what I did.

Quest: Justify what, for instance?

Owner: Sleeping with a friend of my husband — by persuading my husband to agree to it.

Quest: He allowed you to have sex with another? You'll have to explain.

Owner: To my mind, I was simply being honest. I was infatuated with Tony — and I didn't see why, in a strong marriage, I shouldn't be able to deal with those feelings.

Quest: Was it really so straightforward?

Owner: Of course not. For a start Hugh and I didn't have a strong marriage. We'd met on holiday in Greece, had a very passionate affair, and continued it when we got home. We had very little in common outside bed — which became increasingly obvious after the first flush had worn off.

Quest: Were you trying to recover that with Tony?

Owner: I did miss the excitement, but I was trying to perk Hugh up as well.

Quest: You mean you were challenging him to object to what you wanted?

Owner: In a way.

Quest: But what made you think you'd get away with it in the first place?

Quest: It wasn't quite the first place. Just before the wedding I'd had a lapse, and he'd let me get away with it.

Quest: What happened?

Owner: Before Hugh, I'd been having an affair with an older man — my ex-boss. He was thirty-five and separated. I'd broken off with him after the holiday, but he'd taken it badly — we'd been together for three years — and we'd kept in touch. One weekend I was going to the West Country to see my parents — Hugh was busy for some reason — and Graham offered to drive me. He had a flat in Weston — his wife lived there. I don't think Hugh was too keen on me going with Graham. But I said he could trust me for one car ride.

Quest: And he couldn't?

Owner: Graham was going to drop me at my parents at about ten. But we arrived early, and had dinner first. Afterwards he offered me a quick nightcap at his flat.

Quest: Where you'd stayed before?

Owner: Often, yes. We both became sentimental — he obviously still missed me enormously, and I was going through some pre-wedding jitters. Suddenly we were kissing. Graham slipped his hand under my sweater, loosened my bra, and started caressing my breasts. I know I should have been firm, but I felt sorry for him. And Graham had been very good to me, especially in bed. He always gave me lovely, gentle orgasms, and he'd stroke me or lick me for hours to make it happen. With Hugh it was either earth-shattering and super-orgasmic or nothing. He wasn't very patient.

Quest: So you made love?

Owner: Right up to the last moment I was telling myself, 'I'll stop now, I'll let him down gently.' But then of course he slipped inside, and started moving gently, and my feelings completely swamped any misgivings I had left.

Quest: Where exactly did this take place?

Quest: We started kissing on the living room sofa but we ended up making love on the carpet. By candlelight, actually. It was very romantic.

Quest: Was this repeated?

Owner: I stayed the night, and went to my parents in the morning. But I paid the price. Hugh had rung my parents Friday evening to see if I'd arrived safely. He was incensed when I got back. We almost broke up over it. But I convinced him it was just a one-off because I felt so sorry for Graham.

Quest: Were you surprised he forgave you?

Owner: I expected to get thrashed. But he was odd in a way. Very macho on the outside, but quite soft underneath. I hadn't realised how much influence I had over him.

Quest: When did Tony arrive?

Owner: He was at our wedding. He was quieter, more thoughtful than Hugh — more like Graham — and, I thought, very good-looking. They were old college friends. Tony was working up north, and he'd just got engaged. Then, about three years later, he moved down and we saw much more of him. He was married by then.

Quest: Did you fancy him immediately?

Owner: I was aware of something between us. I didn't know whether he wanted to take it any

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further until a birthday party I had. He came to give me a present, and found me alone in my bedroom, repairing my make-up. He started to give me a peck on the lips, and suddenly it turned into a very deep serious kiss. If Hugh hadn't come along I don't know what would have happened.

Quest: Who decided to take things further?

Owner: I suppose I did. Tony never mentioned the kiss for ages afterwards. Then he was moved to an office quite near mine, and we started bumping into each other at lunchtime, then having odd drinks, then regular ones. In the end I had to say, 'Look, are we just friends or what?' That was the first time I got Tony to admit he wanted to go to bed with me. But he hated the idea of cheating on his wife, let alone with a friend's wife. He wished he could be honest about it. So I said, why not? Why not just announce to our spouses we're going away together for the weekend? We'd just be getting something out of our systems.

Quest: Were you serious?

Owner: Not completely. But when I saw Tony again I knew he'd been thinking about it too.

Quest: You never thought it might harm your marriages?

Owner: Not really. The problem was, though, Tony's wife had never liked me, and she'd probably think I was doing it out of spite, so we decided not to tell her.

Quest: But you told Hugh?

Owner: Yes.

Quest: What on earth did you say?

Owner: I simply explained Tony and I had to spend some time together to work out some feelings we had about each other.

Quest: What did Hugh say?

Owner: He was a lot calmer than I expected, almost mature. I think that fazed me a little? Then he asked where I'd be sleeping while I was away, and I said with Tony, probably. Then he asked if Tony and I would make love, and I said we probably would, but it didn't mean I didn't still want Hugh. He was so quiet about it — it was almost eery. Then on the night before I went he became incredibly passionate — like the first time we met. He didn't just make love, he fucked me. We must have done it four times and I swear he spurted on each one.

Quest: You don't think he was trying to dissuade you from going?

Owner: I'm sure he was but I'd made it clear what I wanted, and I wasn't going to turn Tony down at the last minute.

Quest: So you had your naughty weekend?

Owner: We spent most of the Friday night talking. But as soon as we actually got into bed things got better. It was odd. It felt much more like a wedding night than my first one. We had the lights out and the sheets over us, and after some kissing and cuddling Tony climbed on top of me, and we had a fairly sedate, missionary-position screw. Quite pleasant, nothing earth-shaking. But it was only after Tony had actually come in me that the ice broke.

Quest: Was he a satisfactory lover?

Owner: Oh very. A lovely combination of Hugh and Graham. Very low and loving when he wanted to be — he did incredible things to my clitoris, just nudging and teasing it with his moustache, then opening my lips with his tongue until I was absolutely screaming for him to screw me. But he could be explosive too. We were just about to leave on Sunday afternoon, and I was leaning over the dressing table to check my make-up, when he just leapt on me from behind. No warning. I just felt myself grabbed, my skirt jerked up, my knickers and tights yanked down, and his erection came up between my legs and into me. And he just fucked me like that, spreadeagled over the dressing table.

Quest: How was Hugh afterwards?

Owner: I wanted him to explode, but he virtually ignored me, which I hated. Then Tony rang, and obviously missed me. He wondered if I'd like another weekend. So — just to get a reaction — I told Hugh.

Quest: Did he react then?

Owner: He told me fine. Why didn't I ask him over on Sunday afternoon — Hugh was going to a football match anyway. I was so angry I said that was OK by me.

Quest: Did Tony turn up?

Owner: Oh yes. It was the most bizarre afternoon I've ever spent. For a start Hugh stayed until Tony arrived, and insisted on having a drink with us. Tony was clearly embarrassed. In the end, after nearly an hour of agony, I virtually had to ask Hugh to go.

Quest: What did you say?

Owner: 'Darling, you know Tony's only got a couple of hours. We really ought to go upstairs now.' He was being so weirdly calm I thought for an awful moment he'd say, 'Oh you two go ahead. Don't mind me.' I had visions of him bringing Tony and I tea as we sat up naked in bed half an hour later. Then all of a sudden he left.

Quest: Did you and Tony make love?

Owner: We went upstairs, and I was determined I wouldn't let Hugh put me off. We got undressed, and got into bed, but Tony still felt awkward. In the end I had to go down on him to get him stiff. Then he perked up and began to kiss and fondle me. And he had just put his penis in me when the front door crashed.

Quest: Hugh came back?

Owner: He wrecked the place. He didn't come upstairs. He simply demolished the lounge and went. We never lived together again after that.

Quest: Do you blame him?

Owner: Of course not. On the other hand, if the relationship had been right he wouldn't have needed to. I know I've never thought of acting so awfully again. I certainly couldn't have had the marriage I've got now if something as traumatic hadn't happened.

Quest: What about Tony?

Owner: He went back to his wife.

Quest: Thank you.

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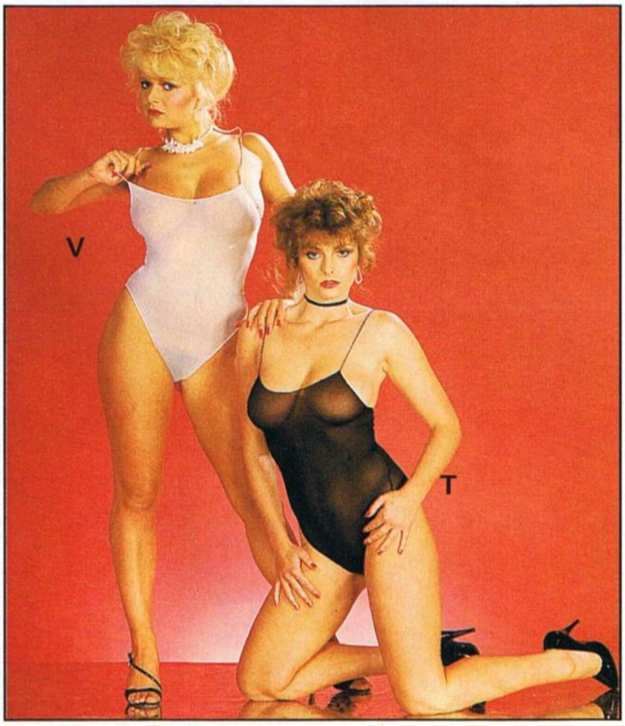

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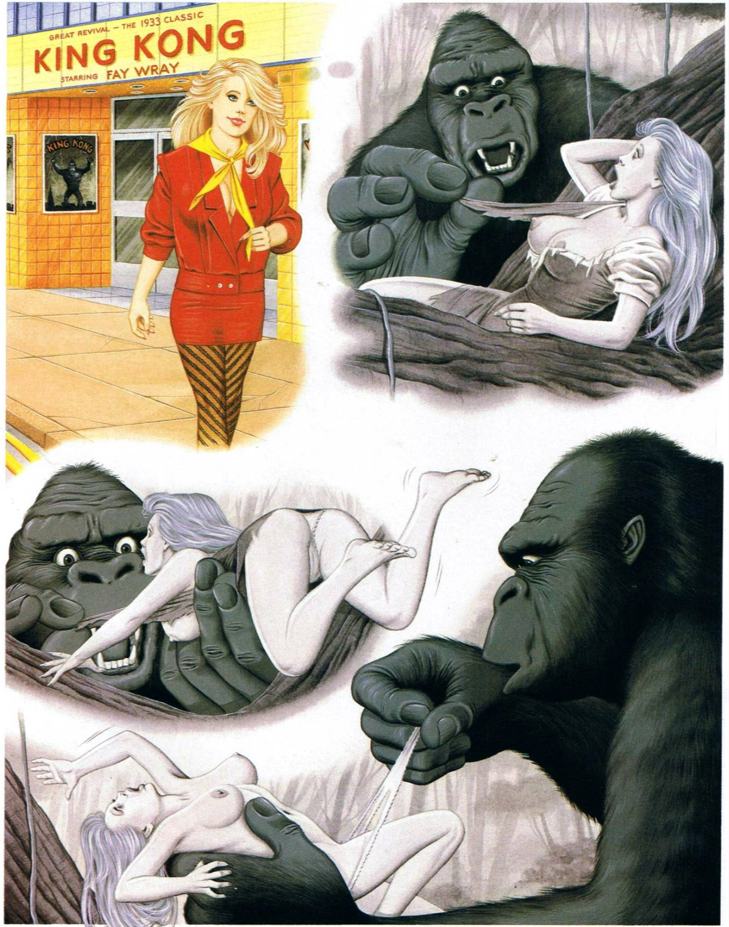
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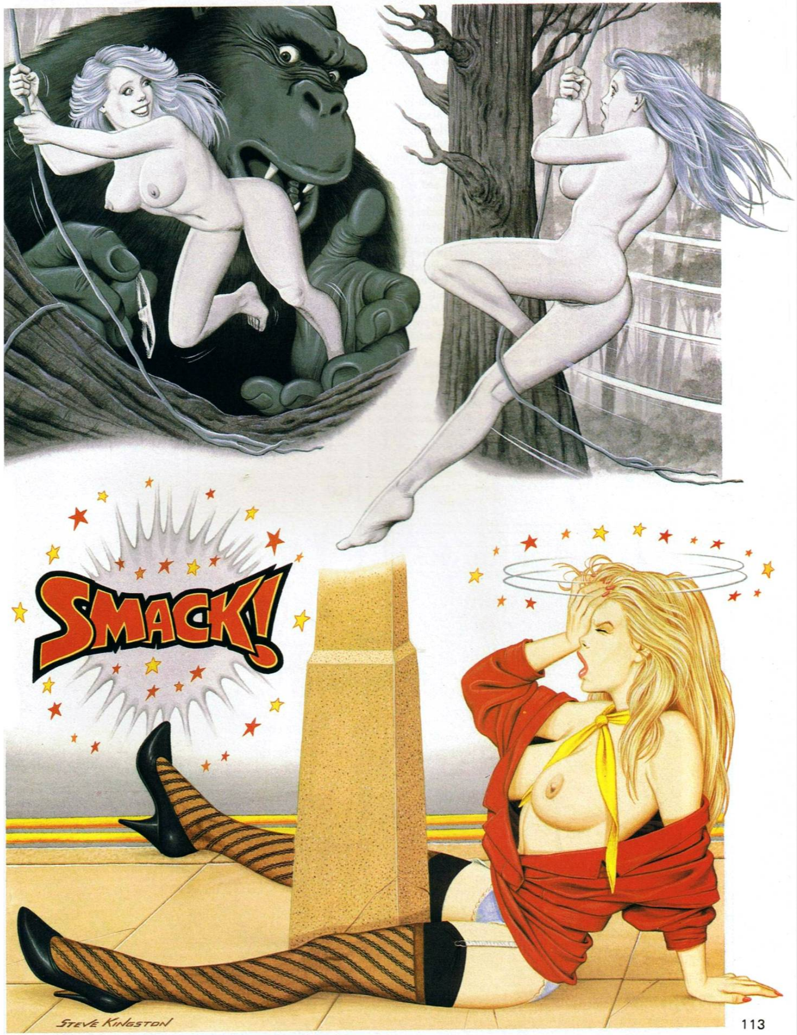
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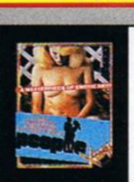

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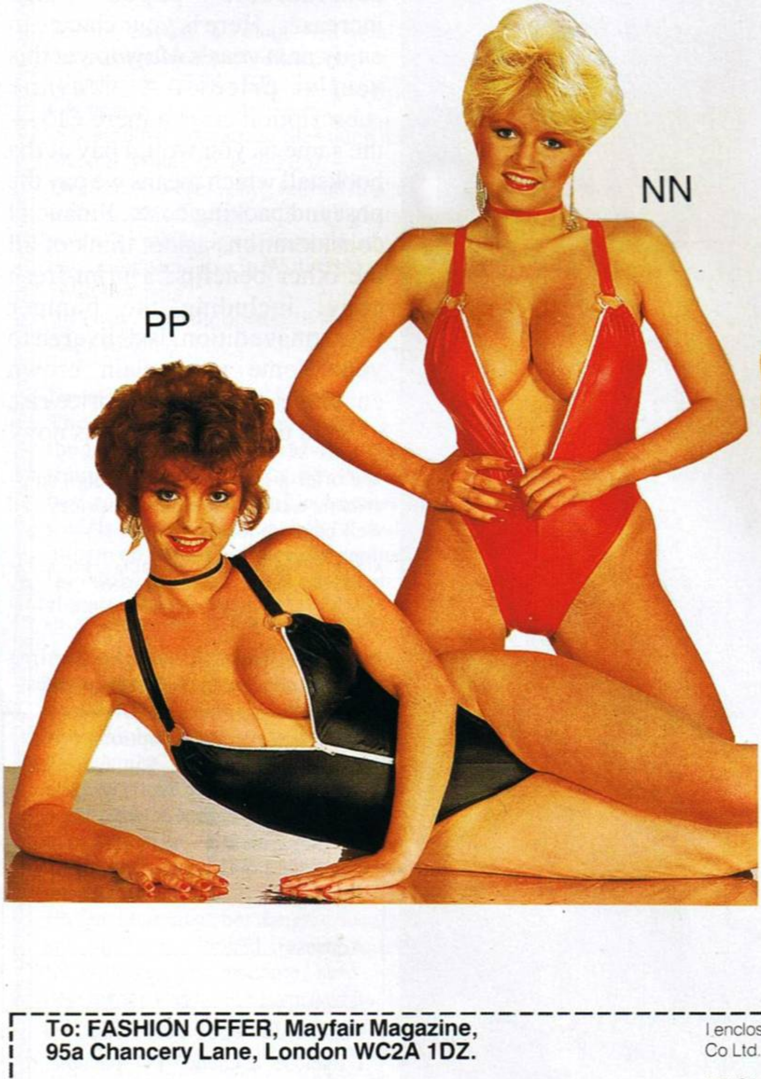

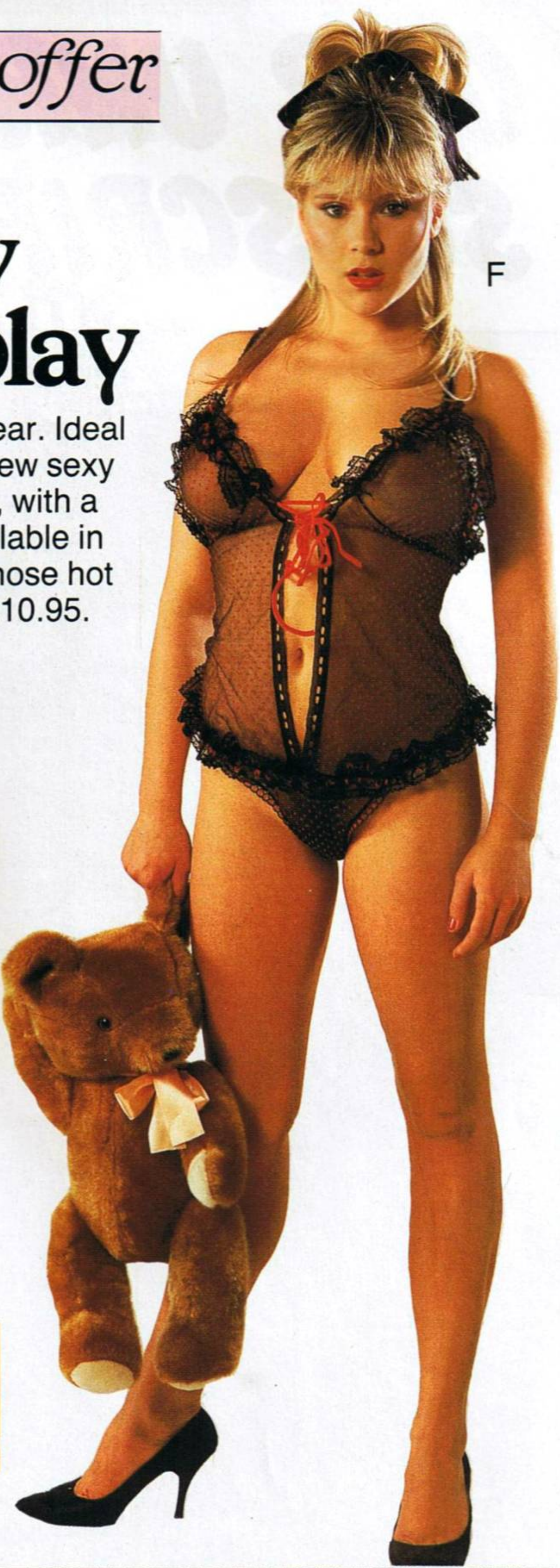

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